THE BYSTANDER
Vol. LXXV —No. 977

AUGUST 23, 1922

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

GOING TO THE DOGS—New Series

MOTOR TYRES AT
1/3 of Present Market Prices
Send your worn tyres to
ALMAGAM
MILLS·HARPENDEN
3000 miles guaranteed for the new grooved treads we fit to your old cover
SPECIAL PRICES for STEEL STUDDED TREADS
Slough, 4th August, 1922.—"It may interest you to know that the first two covers you retreaded for us 30 x 3½ one reached 10,022 and the other 9,018, and that after being returned to us by another firm as not worth doing. Two others on the same car put on last October are just reaching 6,000." Yours truly,——

BOLLINGER'S CHAMPAGNE
By Appointment to H.M. King George V.

INDIAN TEAK PARQUET FLOORS.
Best for dancing & general wear. London - made, from seasoned stocks, by original patentees,
HOWARD & SONS, LTD.
25-27, Berners Street, W. 1.

ROOD & CO LTD
50 YEARS' REPUTATION
52 & 53 Burlington Arcade, Piccadilly, London, W.
BUY JEWELS *from us if you want good value*
SELL JEWELS *to us if you want cash.*
EXCHANGE JEWELS *with us if you want something new.*
FINE JEWELS

TRADE **Vaseline** MARK
WHITE PETROLEUM JELLY
Better for Roughened and Sunburned Skin than Elaborate Cosmetics
Get it at your nearest Chemist's.
Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Consd., London, E.C.1.

Made by Hand—"One at a time."
555 *Virginia.*
STATE EXPRESS CIGARETTES
444 *Turkish.*
Free from dust and all nicotine-forming ingredients.

PRICE ONE SHILLING: By Inland Post, 1s. 1½d. OFFICES—LONDON: Tallis St., E.C.4. PARIS: 35 Rue Lafayette. ROTTERDAM: West Zeedijk 48 E

A delicate bloom
She uses two Creams

FOR those who desire to preserve the alluring charm of a delightful complexion the use of two perfect creams—Pond's Vanishing Cream and Pond's Cold Cream—is desirable.

Pond's—the original—Vanishing Cream disappears immediately into the skin, without massage, and leaves no trace of use save the delicate perfume of Jacqueminot Roses. It makes the skin of velvet smoothness, delicately white with just a tinge of the roses of health.

Pond's Cold Cream should be gently massaged into the skin each night on retiring. It cleanses the pores and prevents the formation of lines, wrinkles and skin blemishes. Pond's Cold Cream is indeed Nature's food for tired skins.

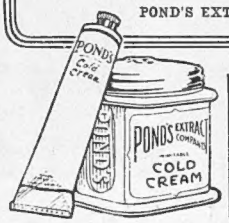
The use of these two creams will guard your skin from the ill-effects of hot sun, wind, rain and sea-bathing, and so prevent redness and roughness.

POND'S CREAMS never promote the growth of Hair.

"TO SOOTHE AND SMOOTH YOUR SKIN."

Both Creams of all Chemists and Stores in handsome Opal Jars, 1/3 and 2/6. Also Collapsible Tubes, 7½d. (handbag size) and 1/-.

POND'S EXTRACT CO., (Dept. 101), 71, Southampton Row, London, W.C. 1.



Pond's Cold Cream and Vanishing Cream

Also at LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, BIRMINGHAM, GLASGOW, & SOUTHAMPTON.

SCOTLAND via DUNDEE
The Gateway of the Scottish Highlands.

SEA PASSAGE 28 HOURS.

The favourite steamer **"PERTH,"** built 1915, 2,063 registered tonnage, luxuriously fitted and furnished throughout, sails

From London every Wednesday
and
From Dundee every Saturday.

12-DAY TOURS:

From LONDON to CARNOUSTIE and back:
1st Class, **£10 10 0** 2nd Class, **£8 8 0**

From LONDON to PITLOCHRY and back:
1st Class, **£14 0 0** 2nd Class, **£12 0 0**

These fares include all meals on Steamer, Rail Fares and full board at first-class Hotels.

For further particulars please apply:—

THE DUNDEE, PERTH, AND LONDON SHIPPING CO., LTD.,
61, Mark Lane, London, E.C. 26, East Dock Street, DUNDEE
or any of the Company's Offices and Agents.

"For the man who knows the difference!"

GREEN STRIPE
SCOTCH WHISKY

Established 1779

J & G STEWART LTD (*incorporating* ANDREW USHER & Co)
EDINBURGH & 79 MARK LANE, LONDON, E.C.

WOODROW LTD
46, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

8, Castle Street, Liverpool.
45, Gordon Street, Glasgow.

Branches at :
11, Market Street, Manchester.

40, Westmoreland Street, Dublin.
8, Donegall Place, Belfast.

A selection of Hats by Post on receipt of London Trade Reference or amount on deposit.

BY APPOINTMENT.

Manufacturers and Specialists in every kind of Hat for Ladies and Gentlemen

SOFT FELT HATS FOR SHOOTING, 25/-

Light weight, will Roll for Packing; in Grey, Mole, Brown, Beaver and Green.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

SMART AND DISTINCTIVE

FURS

AT SUMMER PRICES

***Blue dyed Kit Fox Wrap** made from 4 extra large carefully selected super-quality skins of a most exquisite soft shade of Blue Grey, lined best quality silk.*

PRICE

20 Gns.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.

RICH LYONS CHIFFON VELVET

TEA GOWNS

IN order to keep our workers fully employed during the month of August, we have designed and made in our own workrooms from materials of our well known quality a large number of Chiffon Velvet Tea Gowns, of which sketch is a typical example.

"OLGA"

CHARMING TEA FROCK in rich Lyons Chiffon Velvet, which has the underbodice and sleeves in silk Georgette to tone, and original odd side drapery skirt, finished self bind. In all the newest shades and Black.

SPECIAL PRICE

£5 17 6

Outsize, 21/- extra.

GARDEN OR BOATING CUSHIONS in Casement Cloth, with Cloth Applique, Black Owls on Yellow, Orange, Blue, Jade, Moon, in contrasting shades, 22 inches square,
Price, each **17/9**

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W1

ATTRACTIVE SPORTS HAT FOR HOLIDAY WEAR

BECOMING HAT (as sketch) for sports wear, in rich quality taffeta, worked with gaugings, finished with band of taffeta. In a variety of shot colourings.

PRICE 98/6

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY
(DEBENHAMS LTD.)
WIGMORE STREET (CAVENDISH SQUARE), LONDON, W.1

INEXPENSIVE
CREPE DE CHINE
BLOUSES

IN order to keep our workers fully employed during the months of August and September, we have designed and made in our own workrooms from materials of exceptional value and quality a large number of Inexpensive Crepe de Chine Blouses, of which sketch is a typical example.

NEW AUTUMN BLOUSE (as sketch) made in good quality georgette, with attractive frill of deep-kilted shadow lace put on with hand veining. In Ivory, Champagne and Flesh.

PRICE **29/6**
Outsize 2/- extra.

FUR RENOVATIONS AND REMODELLING
We strongly advise our customers to place orders for alterations to fur garments as early as possible, which can be remodelled and adapted to the newest shapes at specially low prices during the summer months.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W

It's really wonderful
how we can renovate your LAST YEAR'S
VELOUR FELT or BEAVER HAT

No matter how shabby it looks, we can renovate and reshape it to the most fashionable Autumn shape. Just roll up your hat with your name and address stitched inside the crown, and we will forward our Catalogue of over a hundred shapes to choose from, and tell you what the cost will be. If you prefer, send postcard for Catalogue first.

We also renovate Men's Soft Felt, Velour, and Hard Felt Bowlers.

Tell your Husbands.

The DUNSTABLE HAT RENOVATING Co. Ltd.
Church St. DUNSTABLE, Beds.

IN SENDING TO US YOU ARE DEALING WITH THE ORIGINAL AND LARGEST HAT RENOVATING FIRM IN THE KINGDOM.

Excelsior Shoes
for Ladies

ONE of the newest additions to the Excelsior range is the Greek Patent Leather Shoe. In cut, fit and workmanship it conforms to the highest standards and in charm and elegance it stands alone—because only the finest skins are selected and the sole leather is English Oak Bark Tanned—the old-fashioned process of curing that gives unusual comfort and wear.

"A Shoe of Beauty and a Joy to Wear."

Excelsior
GREEK PATENT LEATHER SHOE
an admirable walking shoe

The buckle is of highly burnished steel. Also made in Willow Calf, Box Calf Russia Calf, Real Crocodile, Real Lizard, Real Doeskin, in Beige, Grey, Nigger and White.

If you experience any difficulty in obtaining "Excelsior" Shoes, please write for name of nearest agent to the sole makers, G. F. HUTCHINGS & Co., Ltd., Excelsior Works, BRISTOL.

The Grey Hair Problem Solved

By an Entirely New Discovery.

Although hair dyes have been used by people who object to Grey Hair, all who have used these have wished that some more simple, safe and satisfactory method of renewing the colour could be found.

Nuctone Regd.

Colour Restored Gradually, Permanently, Safely.

Supersedes Hair Dyes

"Nuctone" meets the case exactly, and therefore supersedes hair dyes. All hair dyes must be used with caution. "Nuctone" can be used with absolute safety by anyone without the slightest risk, being guaranteed not to contain sulphur, lead, or any other injurious ingredient.

"Nuctone" performs its work unnoticed, each day gradually deepening the colour until the desired shade is reached. Everyone who has tried it is delighted with the results. Begin with "Nuctone" to-day. "Nuctone" for dark shades; "Nuctone" Éclaire for blonde or auburn shades; "Nuctone" Concentre for gentlemen. Price 6/6. By post 6d. extra (inland).

From Barkers, Harrods, Whiteley's, London; Lewis's, Manchester, Birmingham & Liverpool; Leading Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores, or from J. Stewart, Ltd., 80, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

THE BURBERRY

Shooting Suits in 2 to 4 Days or Ready-to-Wear

"BURBERRY" PROTECTION stands head and shoulders above the security given by any other Weather-resisting Overcoat. It is

EFFICIENT, because, the materials are treated by special Burberry processes of weaving and proofing, which render them impenetrable by drizzle, downpour, or cold wind.

HEALTHFUL—As no rubber is employed in these processes, THE BURBERRY maintains natural ventilation; is cool on close days and hygienic under all conditions.

COMFORTABLE, because THE BURBERRY is light in weight and easy-fitting—qualities which, in conjunction with its unrivalled weatherproofness and faultless air-freedom, ensure perfect comfort whatever the weather may be.

Catalogue and Patterns Post Free

BURBERRYS HAYMARKET S.W.1 LONDON

Bd. Malesherbes PARIS; & Agents in Provincial Towns.

Burberrys Ltd

NEW WINTER MODEL FUR COATS AT SPECIAL PRICES

Until the end of September we shall continue to sell our entire stock of Fur Coats, Wraps, Stoles, etc., at reduced summer prices. This applies to the new models that we have prepared for the forthcoming Winter Season, of which the garment illustrated is a typical example.

NEW MODEL FUR COAT (as sketch), worked from first quality Seal dyed French Coney, with stand collar, cuffs and flounce of silvered blue and Kolinski dyed Coney. Lined good quality plain and fancy silk.

SUMMER PRICE

29 Gns.

Attractive Antelope Gloves (as sketch), lined white fur throughout, with long gauntlet trimmed Beaver fur, very soft and durable. In Grey, Nigger, Slate and Sable. **41/9**

Debenham & Freebody

(LIMITED)

Wigmore Street.

(Cavendish Square) London W.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

NEW KNITTED JUMPER FOR EARLY AUTUMN

New Lace stitch Jumper made of super quality Alpaca yarn with narrow stripe and edging of artificial silk in a contrasting shade, made in a most attractive range of colours. Suitable for indoor or outdoor wear.

63/-

Coat style same price.

Can be sent on approval.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1

11·9 Bean

"THE LEADER OF ITS CLASS"

THE 11·9 Bean will win your unqualified approval as soon as you experience its remarkable reserve of power, its splendid turn of speed, its flexibility and ease of control in traffic, and its roomy comfort.

When, after years of hard, gruelling service, you find your trusty Bean still "coming up to scratch" at every call you make upon it, then it is that approval becomes conviction that the 11·9 Bean is indeed "The Leader of its Class."

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE BEAN.

Fitted with electric lighting and starting equipment. Petrol consumption averages 30 m.p.g. Tyre mileage from 6,000 to 8,000. Treasury Tax, £12.

Two-Seater with Dickey **£385** Four-Seater **£395**

For Illustrated Specification and name of your nearest agent, write

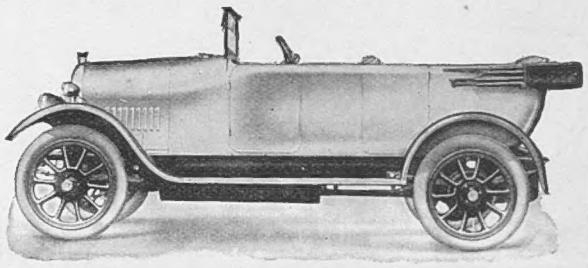
A. HARPER, SONS & BEAN, LTD.,

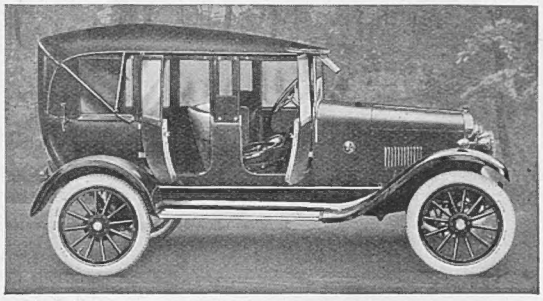
Head Office and Works : Dudley, Worcestershire.

Telegrams : "Waddams, Dudley." Telephone : 2469 Dudley.

Established 1826.

Sole Distributor for the Counties of Worcestershire, Staffordshire and Shropshire ; P. J. Evans, 83/9, John Bright Street, Birmingham.





Overland British-Built Model All-Weather Touring Car.

395 Gns. **(Deferred payments can be arranged)**

The Overland British-built Model All-weather Touring Car with hood and side curtains up makes an ideal all-weather car. The side curtains fit snugly all round, giving protection equal to that afforded by a Limousine.

The whole car, completely equipped and fitted with the famous Fisk Tyres, is priced at 395 Guineas.

Early delivery may be had and definite dates obtained from an Overland Agent, no matter where you live.

The Overland Service Department is always at your disposal. Large stocks of spares for all models are instantly available.

ONCE AN *Overland* ALWAYS AN OVERLAND

THE CAR THAT KEEPS UPKEEP DOWN

We should like you to have a trial run ; performance will prove our statements.

1922 OVERLAND MODELS :

British Model Touring Car	395 Gns.
British Model 2-seater, with double dickey	380 Gns.
Three-quarter Landaulette	£515
Standard Model Touring Car	£295
Sedan	£475

All prices ex works.

Write for descriptive literature and name of nearest Agent.

WILLYS OVERLAND CROSSLEY LTD.

British Factory and Sales Department. Heaton Chapel, Manchester.

Showrooms - 151-3, Great Portland Street, London, W.1

London Service Depot :

111, Lots Rd., Kings Rd., Chelsea, London, S.W.

Save Petrol

by fitting a

ZENITH CARBURETTER

Send for Booklet

ZENITH CARBURETTER Co., Ltd., 40-44 Newman St., W.

Telephone ; Museum 4812-3. Telegrams : "Zenicarbur, Phone London."

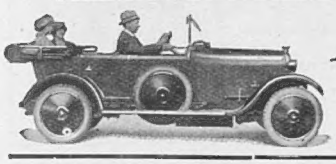
HAVE ONE ON A MONTH'S TRIAL

The
SUNNY DISPOSITION
of the
Waverley "10"

is the happy outcome of an ultra-careful upbringing. Twelve years' experience, twelve years' unceasing thought, have here produced a light car which — like its elder sister, the Waverley "15"—holds an established position in the very forefront of its class to-day. Pleasing in appearance, meticulously accurate in mechanical detail, this great little "Ten" combines astonishing power with low running and maintenance costs.

WAVERLEY CARS LTD.
(Manufacturers of Waverley Cars since 1910),
Trenmar Gardens, Harrow Road, Willesden, London, N.W.10
'Phone: Willesden 1742. Tele.: "Litways, Kensal, London."

FOUR-SEATER £410
TWO-SEATER £395



CHILDREN'S CLOTHES

Our Children's Department is one of the most interesting sections of our business, and we have a world-wide reputation for the dainty and exclusive character of all our produc ions. Every garment is designed by our own expert and made on the premises by our own workers from high - grade materials that we can recommend with every confidence.

USEFUL AUTUMN COAT (as sketch) for little boy in good quality fleece, trimmed collar, cuffs and piping in cloth. In Saxe, trimmed Grey or Snuff trimmed self.

	Price
Size for 2 years -	94/6
„ „ 3 „ -	99/6
„ „ 4 „ -	5 gns.
„ „ 5 „	£5 12 6

Cap to match 35/9

Debenham & Freebody
(DEBENHAM, LIMITED)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London W.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

EXCLUSIVE SHORT COATS NOW SO FASHIONABLE

SHORT COAT for coming season, cut on full lines, and pleated on sides into a broad band of fur at foot. Wide sleeve turned back with cuff of own material and a square collar of fur which can be worn open if desired.

PRICE
14½ Gns.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.

INEXPENSIVE CREPE DE CHINE NIGHTGOWN

IN order to keep our workers fully employed during the months of August and September, we have designed and made in our own workrooms from materials of our well-known quality, a large number of inexpensive crepe de Chine Sets, of which sketch is a typical example.

NIGHTGOWN, in good quality crepe de Chine, the neck and sleeves are scalloped with contrasting or self colourings, outlined hemstitching and finished hand embroidered design. In Pink, Ivory, Sky, Mauve, Lemon, Flame.

PRICE **29/6**

Chemise to match - 21/9
Knickers to match - 21/9
In pure silk triple Ninon in Ivory and Pink.
Nightgown - - 39/6
Chemise - - - 27/6
Knickers - - - 27/6
Cami-Knicker in crepe de Chine to match, 29/6

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W1

To call a Whisky "Liqueur"—

does not make it so. To call for MACKINLAY'S (M.L.) *Liqueur* SCOTCH WHISKY makes you sure of getting a whisky that IS Scotch, IS Old, IS Liqueur. The unblemished record of more than one hundred years is proof, and—the *particular palate proves* the *proof.*

13/6 Per Bottle **MACKINLAY'S ML *Liqueur* SCOTCH WHISKY**

Chas. MACKINLAY & Co *Distillers & Blenders,* Leith & Inverness. *London address:* 59 Mark Lane, E.C.3

is *Blended where it is Distilled and Bottled where it is Blended.*— That is why **"There's a Highland Flavour About It."**

BOOTH'S

"the very best"

Old Matured DRY GIN

straw coloured because it is matured in wood.

Millburn Highland WHISKY

from the famous Distillery at Inverness. Perfectly Matured. Finest Quality.

of all retailers

Booth's Distillery Ltd.,

Established 1740.

55, Cowcross Street, London, E.C.
and at Millburn Distillery, Inverness.

Try

CORELLI

ITALY'S BEST VERMOUTH

For

COCKTAILS

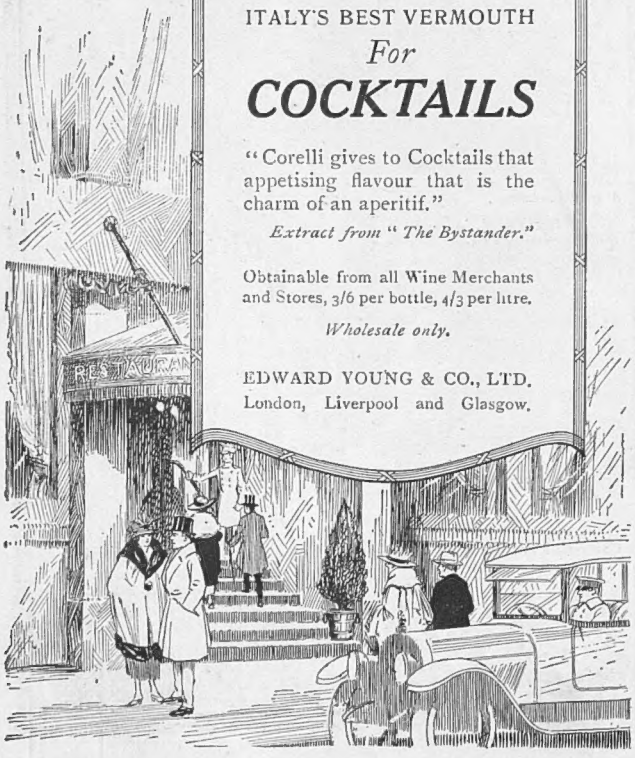
"Corelli gives to Cocktails that appetising flavour that is the charm of an aperitif."

Extract from "The Bystander."

Obtainable from all Wine Merchants and Stores, 3/6 per bottle, 4/3 per litre.

Wholesale only.

EDWARD YOUNG & CO., LTD.
London, Liverpool and Glasgow.



Wonderful Value in Platinum and Diamond Wrist Watches at J. C. Vickery's

£45

£40

£39 10 0

All Platinum and Fine Diamond Wrist Watches, most reliable Jewelled movements. **£45, £40 & £39 10 0**

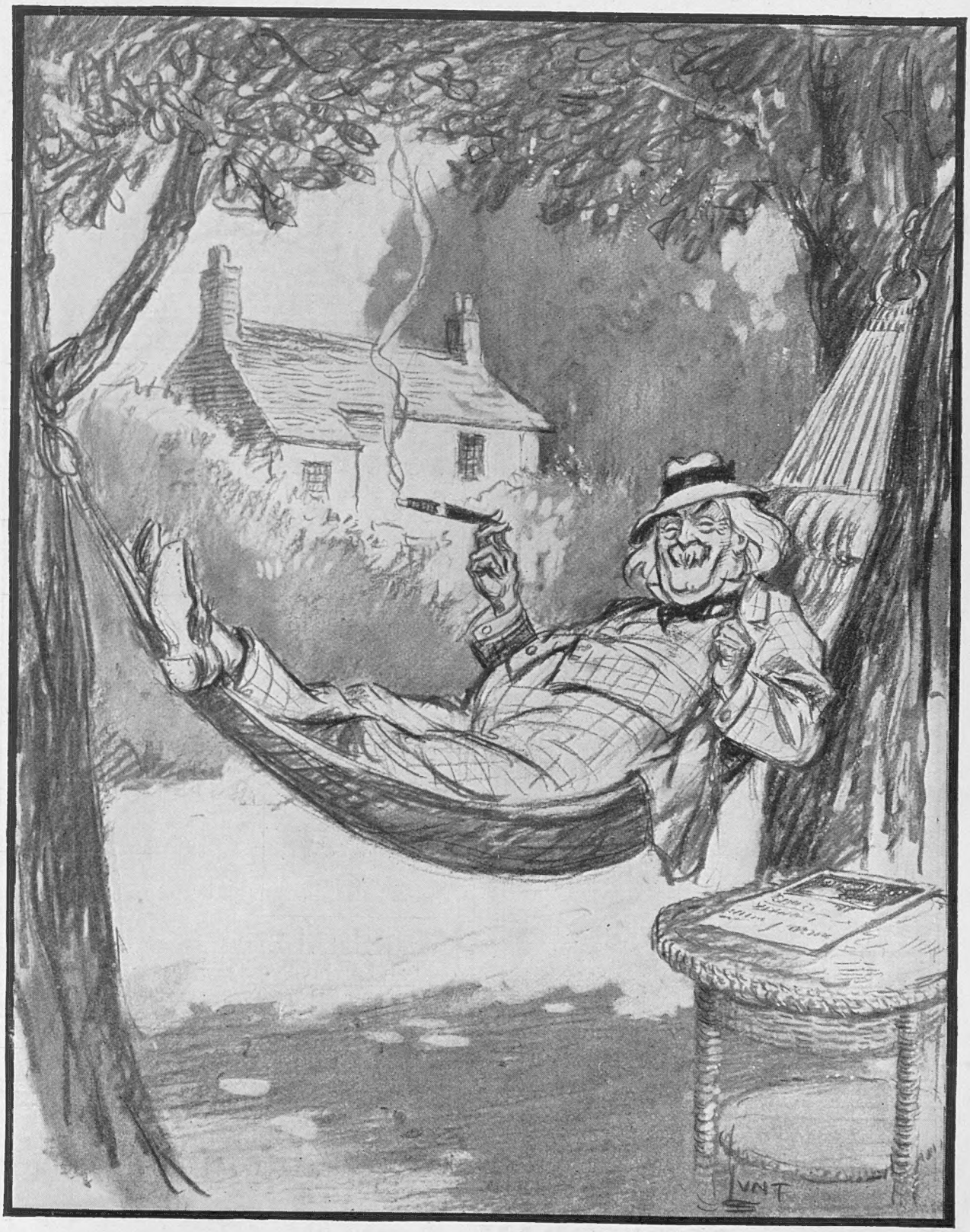
A splendid selection to choose from.

J·C VICKERY
177 to 183 REGENT ST. LONDON. W.1.
By Appointment Silversmith etc. to H.M. the King Jeweller to H.M. the Queen Silversmith to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

The Bystander, August 23, 1922

No. 977. Vol. LXXV.

The BYSTANDER



BY WILMOT LUNT

HIS "REPARATION" REST

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540). TWICE DAILY AT 2.30 and 7.45.
GRAND VARIETY PERFORMANCE
BY STARS OF INTERNATIONAL ART.

ADELPHI, (Ger. 2645). THE WAY OF AN EAGLE
"ANOTHER 'DELL' TRIUMPH"
Godfrey Tearle, Marjorie Gordon, Jessie Winter, Darby Foster.
EVERY EVENING at 8.30. MATINÉES TUES. & THURS. at 2.30.

DALY'S. (Ger. 201).
Evenings at 8.15. Mats., Thurs. & Sat. at 2.15.
THE LADY OF THE ROSE.
Phyllis Dare, Huntley Wright, Ivy Tresmand.

DUKE OF YORK'S ('Phone Ger. 313.)
Every Evening at 8.30. Matinées, Tues. & Thurs. at 2.30.
"THE BROKEN WING."
"A Tremendous Success."—*Daily Express.*

GLOBE. (Ger. 8722). Mgr. MARIE LOHR. Evgs. 8.30.
Archie Naish and a piano, followed at 9 by
Irene Vanbrugh in "BELINDA." Wed. & Thurs. at 2.30.

LYRIC. Evgs. at 8.15. Mats., WED. & Sat. at 2.15.
"WHIRLED INTO HAPPINESS"
Billy Merson, Mai Bacon, Derek Oldham, Winnie Melville.

ST. JAMES'S. Lessee & Manager, GILBERT MILLER.
Every Evening at 8.15. Mats., Wed. & Sat. at 2.30.
THE BAT. By Mary Roberts Rinehart & Avery Hopwood.
ARTHUR WONTNER EVA MOORE.

P & O and BRITISH INDIA Co.'s Passenger and Freight Services.

MEDITERRANEAN, EGYPT, INDIA, PERSIAN GULF, BURMAH, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, MAURITIUS, SIAM, E. & S. AFRICA, AUSTRALASIA.

Address for all Passenger Business, P. & O. House, 14, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1 ; Freight or General Business : 122, Leadenhall St., E.C.3
B.I. Agents, GRAY, DAWES & CO., 122, Leadenhall St., London, E.C.3

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free).
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.
The only Special Hospital in London for the treatment of CANCER.
Entirely supported by voluntary contributions.
DONATIONS, SUBSCRIPTIONS AND LEGACIES ARE EARNESTLY SOLICITED.
Bankers:—Messrs. COUTTS & Co., 440, Strand, W.C.
Secretary:—J. COURTNEY BUCHANAN, C. B. E.

STRAKER-SQUIRE
The Famous 4 cyl. Model Perfected
Chassis Price £650 15-20 h.p Tax £20
STRAKER-SQUIRE LTD EDMONTON, LONDON, N18.

FASHIONABLE TAILORED SHIRTS
FOR PRESENT WEAR

This charming Shirt is cut on full lines, and is made from good quality crepe de Chine, and is especially suitable for present wear.

WELL TAILORED SHIRT (as sketch) in good quality crepe de Chine, the collar and cuffs finished with new tailored silk cording to form an effective trimming, and fastening one pearl button. In Ivory and fashionable colours. In size 13 to 14½ inches.

PRICE **49/6**

In size 15 and 15½ inches, **2/-** extra.
In good quality Japanese silk, **39/6**

Sent on approval.

Debenham & Freebody (INCORPORATING LAWRENCE)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London W.

LACE ALPACA WOOL COAT FOR HOLIDAY WEAR

WE have now in stock an immense variety of new and exclusive Sports Coats, Dresses and Skirts, suitable for Holiday and early Autumn wear, of which sketch is a typical example.

LACE ALPACA COAT (as sketch) made from fine quality yarn, with narrow silk stripe and edging on collar, beautifully light and warm. In a good range of this season's colours.

PRICE **63/-**

Exceptional offer in **SILK HOLEPROOF STOCKINGS**, lisle feet and tops. In Black, White Suede, mid-Grey, Silver, Brown, Nigger, Tussure, Putty, Camel and Beaver.
5/11 per pair.
(Actual value 8/11 per pair.)

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W.1

EVERYONE INTERESTED IN AVIATION SHOULD VISIT THE
INTERNATIONAL AVIATION COMPETITION
(I.C.A.R.)
ROTTERDAM, Sept. 2—17.
£3,500 in Prize Money. Tournaments. Festivals.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

History on Sale

THE beginnings of history are always wrapped in mystery. Who was the scribe who first placed on record the fact that Cardinal Wolsey said of Henry VIII that if he had served his God as diligently as he had served his King, he would not have given him over to be an advertisement for underwear in his old age? We are shortly to have that most fascinating thing, a history of our own times, and the author is no less a person than Mr. Lloyd George. Close on £100,000 has been paid for the rights—and they will be worth it.

Feudalism is Dead

THE most interesting experience I have had lately was a motor-ride along the Folkestone Road. Once you are clear of Lewisham, an extraordinary scene awaits you. Gangs of navvies are doubling its width and straightening its curves. When completed, it will run as straight as a railway from London to the sea. In the old days your highway had to wind round the estate of this or that landed proprietor, but democracy has changed all that. The new road runs as straight as an arrow through pasture and arable, and none may say it nay. If you doubt that feudalism is dead as a doornail, take a look at the Folkestone Road.

Vineyards of Kensington

WE have all heard of the vineyards of Andalusia—or wherever it is that grapes grow—but how many Londoners are acquainted with the vineyards of Kensington, London, Eng.? Walk through the decorous streets of the Royal Borough, and you will find the open-air vines which climb over the stately homes of Onslow Gardens positively laden with fruit. There is a garden in Selwood Terrace that will yield enough wine of sorts to ruin the constitutions of ten healthy families. Never has there been such a crop since the French emigrants settled in those parts and brought the vine with them.

Omar, S.W. 7

A comfy chair beneath a shady tree,
A pipe of Craven—or of B.D.V.;
The current copy of THE BYSTANDER—
And Kensington is good enough for me.

Theory and Practise

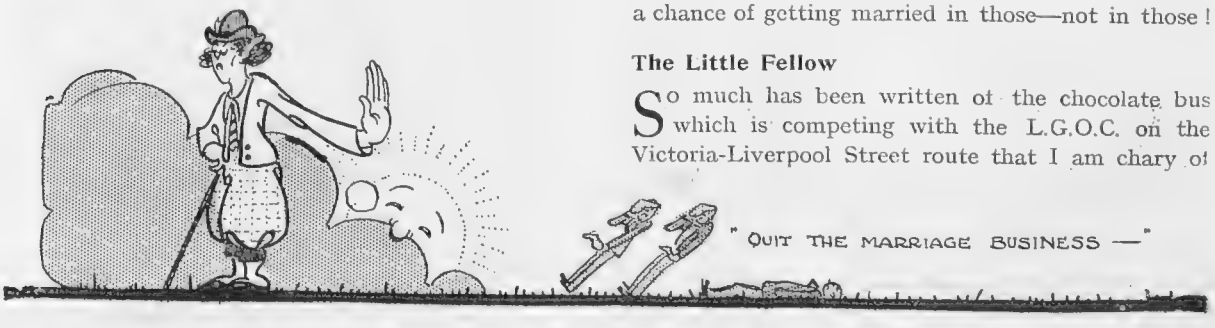
MUCH amusement is being caused by the discussion concerning the goings-on of young actresses out of business hours. Should stage-folk attend supper-parties? Naturally, the chance to secure a little publicity is not to be missed, and the topic has been ventilated *ad nauseam*. But here is the funny point. The girls who really do trot about in the small hours become very coy in print, while the steady old files who have never seen the inside of a night club fly to the other extreme and pose as terribly bad hats. If we only *could* combine the gay life with the clear head, how happy we should be!

"The Manœuvres of Jane"

JANE BURR, American, who is over here studying marriage conditions, has given a definite lead to a certain type of managing wife who cannot get her own way. If your husband won't let you wear breeches, have done with him, and wear them on your own account. I don't say this is the reason Jane landed on our shores wearing masculine nether garments, but I believe her when she says she has "quit the marriage business for good." No girl would stand a chance of getting married in those—not in those!

The Little Fellow

SO much has been written of the chocolate bus which is competing with the L.G.O.C. on the Victoria-Liverpool Street route that I am chary of



BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

returning to the topic. Naturally, the attempt of the larger concern to squeeze out the little fellow has been received with contumely and contempt, but there is another side to the question. A big company can afford to consider the convenience of the public by developing less popular routes and running a percentage of buses at a loss. Smaller companies could not do this.

Giving the Devil His Due

Don't misunderstand me! I am all for the individual in the ordinary way, but the traffic problem is so widespread and so complicated that there is very little room for private competition. Take the Underground. The organisation is about as perfect as it can be, and we don't want lots of little tunnels, necessitating half a dozen changes between Watford and Waterloo. As the poet sang:

The Underground is clean and cool,
When all above is hot,
And when the street is bleak and cold:
The Underground is not.
Its climate, everyone agrees,
Is better than Los Angeles.

By W. E. Wigfull

Visitor to Seaside: "Those fish are very dear, aren't they?"

Dealer: "Dear, mum? Just think o' the cost o' carriage!"

There is no finer health resort—
The day will surely come,
When every station has a band,
And I shall play the drum—
And watch the trains keep running round
Upon the jolly Underground.

Authors and Actors

The bitter cry of the Average Playgoer is beginning to be heard in the land. This excellent fellow seems to have suffered in silence for some time, and he is at last becoming articulate. He says he is fed-up with subtleties, suppressed emotions, and stories that are no stories. He says that actors are ceasing to act and dramatists have forgotten how to dram. Natural writing and acting may be all very well, but he can see that sort of thing, he says, in any drawing-room. He is sick of "penny plain" and wants a little 'tuppence coloured" for a change. I'm not sure that I don't sympathise with the A.P. The actor needn't put his hand on his heart, but he might remember that he has got such an organ.

By D. L. Ghilchik

THE TIE THAT BINDS

Fritz: "How lofley if this cord would snap and end mein suspense!"

What Is a Bohemian?

They have been asking "What is a Bohemian?" in my morning paper. Various people have answered the question to their own satisfaction, but the problem will become far more difficult as time goes on. Truth to tell, our Bohemians are leaving us at an alarming rate. We have lost two in as many weeks—Ned Cleary, who was the subject of a wonderful appreciation by Hannen Swaffer in *The Graphic*, and Dudley Hardy, brilliant artist and delightful friend, who was laid to rest last Tuesday at Brookwood.

In Memoriam

What is a Bohemian? If the careers of these two men could supply the answer I should say that he is a man who lives for his work and his play. A man who passes by the little gains and little triumphs as things of no account—who holds that money is merely a convenient means of exchange rather than a symbol of success—who leans down the ladder of life to hold out a helping hand to the younger man who is climbing the lower rungs—who pays lavishly into the Bank of Friendship and whose memory is a lasting and beautiful thing. Such a man was Ned Cleary. Such a man was Dudley Hardy. May they know all the happiness they deserve in the place where they have gone, and may we, who loved them, be permitted to clasp their hands again.

By E. T. Reed

IF PUBLIC SCHOOL IDIOSYNCRASIES OF COSTUME PERSISTED INTO LATER LIFE. (HARROW.)

The Apocalyptic Horsemen

The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse was a novel that achieved comparatively extensive success in England as well as America, and it is no fault of Blasco Ibañez, its creator, that the film adaptation which is being screened at the Palace Theatre is lacking in those qualities of sympathy and psychology which characterised the book. The production, from a photographic point of view, is superb, the casting perfect, and the acting, especially of the divinely beautiful Alice Terry as Marguerite Laurier, and Rudolph Valentino as Julio Desnoyers, was a great tribute to the producer.

Vivid War Scenes

The War forms a great part of the setting. "No man's land" is vividly depicted, with its water-filled shell holes and the rain sluicing down on the soaked bodies of the soldiers. "Of course, it couldn't have been as bad as that, really," a thin-lipped woman said behind me. Undoubtedly one of those people who enjoyed the War from their villa at Biarritz and whose imagination pictured the sergeant-major distributing early morning tea with the request that there would be no fighting that day until the weather cleared! Brrr! Such creatures do not deserve the privilege of existence.

Photograph *Sport and General*

LUNCHEON ON THE MOORS

An after-lunch snapshot of the guns with Mr. J. G. Murray, who has taken Danby Moor, Yorkshire, belonging to Viscount Downe, for the grouse shooting. The party includes Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Murray, Sir James and Lady Dale, Mr. H. J. Reckitt, Colonel Harvey, General Allgood, Mr. E. Grotrian, and Mr. Cecil Argles

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Balmoral

THE King has had a successful week amongst the Duke of Devonshire's grouse on the Yorkshire moors, and is now settled at Balmoral for a thorough rest *en simple particulier*. Ladies and Gentlemen-in-Waiting are dispensed with during the Royal autumn holiday in Scotland, but those whose turn it is for duty have to hold themselves in readiness for any sudden call.

In Queen Victoria's time Balmoral was a most uncomfortable abode for those in waiting. In those days there was always a Minister-in-Attendance—some lofty member of the Cabinet. Lord Beaconsfield and the late Lord Salisbury have left eloquent testimony of the discomfort they suffered from a small and chilly bedroom, which had likewise to serve them for the despatch of affairs of State. History does not record whether they were able to take a valet, but there were bitter lamentations from both because they had to act as their own secretaries.

Balmoral then was an ice-house in the late autumn, and to add to its discomfort the principal rooms were upholstered in what was known as the Balmoral tartan—a strident invention of the 1850's, when Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort fell in love with Scotland. Carpets, curtains, chair-covers, all were made of this tartan. It would be difficult to imagine anything more hideous.

But Royal folk of that period had the oddest taste in decorating the houses where they took their ease and rest from the calls of monarchy. I remember, many years ago, going to a shooting-box near Salzburg belonging to the Emperor Francis Joseph. There were no carpets on the floors; the legs of every table, the legs and arms of every chair were made of stags' antlers. As all the points had been left on the antlers you can understand what it meant if you put your hand down unadvisedly on the arm of your chair, leant back suddenly, or got too near the legs of the dinner-table during a meal. A *piercing* experience.

I suppose when you live for the greater part of the year amongst gilding and gorgeousness, you turn instinctively to simplicity and plainness in your own *chez vous* of quietude and retreat. But, happily, our tastes to-day don't run to tartan furnishing or antler chairs, tables and sofas. Balmoral now is an extremely comfortable, well-arranged country-house, all chintzes and lightness. King Edward made drastic changes, and the King and Queen have improved upon his improvements.

Deer-stalking and fishing are the King's relaxations at Balmoral. Grouse are few and far between.

Photograph *Central Press*

AT THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW

Mrs. Smith-Bingham, Lady Powerscourt, and Major Straker at the Dublin Horse Show last week, held at Ballsbridge. Unfortunately, the Irish war prevented many of the exhibitors showing their entrants

Photograph *Topical*

PRINCESS MARY IN SCOTLAND

Lord and Lady Elphinstone, with Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles, at Carberry Towers after she had unveiled the memorial to the Royal Scots, of which regiment she is Colonel-in-Chief

The Gillie's Regret

SPEAKING of deer-stalking, here is a pleasant little tale I have just heard.

Photograph *L. N. A.*

THE EARL OF EGLINGTON AND HIS WIFE

After their marriage at Kensington Register Office last week. Lady Eglinton and Winton, who was Mrs. Marjorie Vernon, is a daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Walter McIntyre

A big-game hunter—one of those passionate sportsmen who spend half the year in Africa bagging hippopotamuses and lions—was a guest in a Scottish castle. With the rest of the company he went out a-stalking. After crawling a considerable distance on their hands and knees he and his gillie came close to a fine buck, browsing as happily and peacefully as if never a man—or a gun—existed.

"Now's your chance, sir," whispered the gillie.

The mighty hunter looked behind him. On the other side of the valley he saw a stag leaping and bounding amongst the rocks. Slewing round, he fired. The stag fell dead, shot through the heart at five hundred yards!

But the gillie to this day laments the loss of the feeding buck. "It wa' a sure shot, whatever, an' he tuk the gran' risk o' t'other one."

The Two Napoleons

THERE are many who think—and amongst them his close, personal friends—that if Lord Northcliffe had given himself the relaxation of society his life would not have ended with such tragic suddenness. But he was only interested in the things and the people immediately concerned with his vast newspaper enterprises. His whole life, whether he was in London, in the country, or abroad, centred itself in those interests. He had no thought or realisation of anything outside them, and wherever he was he worked at full pressure.

Mental change is as great a tonic as physical change, but this Lord Northcliffe never gave himself, and Nature took her revenge upon a genius. There was, undoubtedly, a curious resemblance in his career to that of Napoleon, a resemblance in which he himself believed.

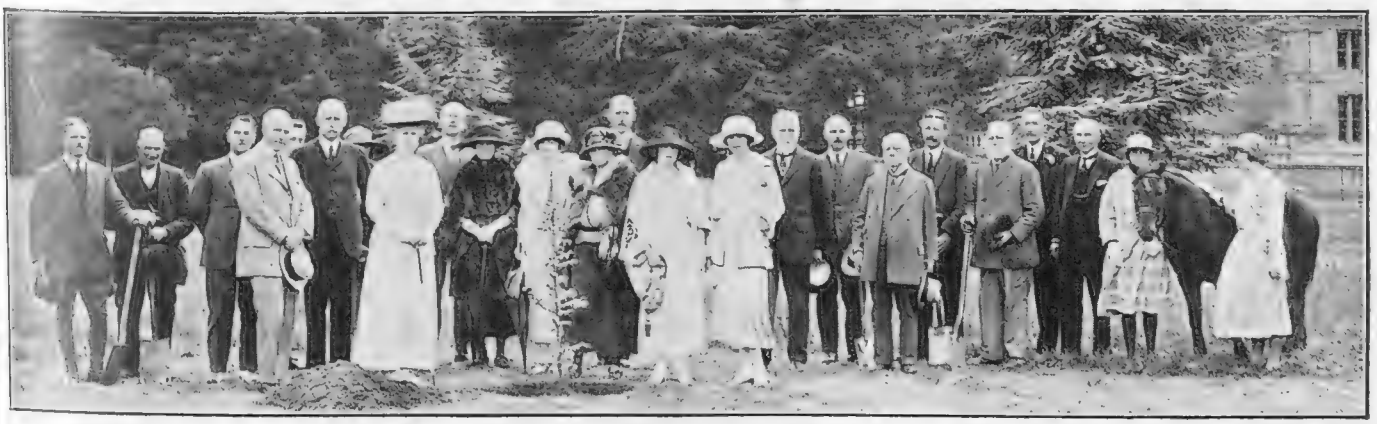
Napoleon carved a supreme position out of what seemed at the outset to be a cramped and mediocre destiny. So did Lord Northcliffe. Napoleon was the son of a barrister; so was Lord Northcliffe. Napoleon set his brothers upon thrones. When Lord Northcliffe had conquered his world of journalism he did the same for his brothers in the modern equivalent. The more one considers the two lives the closer the analogy becomes. Napoleon swayed millions by the force of arms; Lord Northcliffe swayed millions by the printed word. In their private lives both showed the same devotion to their mothers, and—if we eliminate Napoleon's cruel divorce from Josephine—both were childless.

Again, the natures of both these men prevented them being content with what they had won. They were impelled by forces stronger than themselves to seek ever larger fields. No human mind can stand the strain of such vast responsibility. Napoleon lost his grasp upon affairs and ended at St. Helena. Lord Northcliffe lost his health and his strength, and so

Photograph *E. O. Hoppé*

A BEAUTIFUL BRIDE-TO-BE

Miss Launa Hughes Martin, of Tallaghreine, Co. Cork, whose engagement to Major Arnold Keppel, of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, has just been announced



Photograph *W. Dennis Moss*

HER MAJESTY IN THE COUNTRY

The Queen at Westonbirt, Sir George Holford's Tetbury seat in Gloucester, after planting a tree to commemorate her visit there last week. Included in the group, from left to right, are: Third from left, Col. Thorp, Lieut-Col. F. R. S. Balfour, Lieut.-Col. Sir G. Holford, H.M. The Queen, The Earl of Desborough, Mrs. F. R. S. Balfour, Lady Joan Verney, Mrs. Robert Benson, Lieut.-Col. Claud Willoughby, Lady Holford, The Countess of Desborough, Mr. Robert Benson (next but one), Mr. William Jefferies (miss two), Mr. H. Verney, Mr. David Lindsay, "Ruperra" (pony), and Miss Juliet Lindsay

became an easy victim of the malady which killed him.

"Modern" Girls of Long Ago

A WEEK or two ago I ventured to point out that "modern" daughters were not a matter of to-day, that they had their prototypes in the days of our present young women's mothers and grandmothers. A rainy Sunday in a country-house has brought me a further revelation. Browsing about in a delightful old library I came upon a copy of Evelyn's Diary, with which some of his essays were bound up. The date on the flyleaf told me that the essays and the diary had been bound together by an eighteenth century ancestor of my host. Turning the leaves my eye caught the following:

"The virgins and young ladies of that golden age put their hands to the spindle, nor disdained they the needle; were obsequious and helpful to their parents; instructed in the managing of the family, and gave presages of making excellent wives; nor then did they read so many romances, see so many plays and farces, set up for visits, and have their days of audience and idle pastime. . . . Nor were the young gentlewomen so universally afflicted with hysterical fits; nor, though extremely modest, at all melancholy, or less gay or in good humour . . . how the world is alter'd among us!"

John Evelyn wrote this in the reign of Charles II. So, nearly three hundred years ago, the "modern" girl was getting a "jacketing" from her elders. It seems to be the stock subject of every age. There is really nothing new under the sun, not even bobbed hair.

Photograph *Bassano*

MISS DOROTHY VERNON HARCOURT

The only daughter of the late Mr. Leveson Vernon Harcourt and of Mrs. M. Liddell, of Easingwold, whose marriage to the Hon. F. S. Gough Calthorpe, only son of Lord Calthorpe, and a clever Warwickshire cricketer, takes place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on Tuesday, September 5. The honeymoon will be chiefly spent touring New Zealand, where the bridegroom will be playing in A. C. Maclaren's Eleven visiting that clime

Twenty Years Too Late

ONE always takes it that the happenings set out in comic papers have either actually occurred or have been imagined, and that happening or imagination has provided the material for the sketch. But sometimes the comic paper has its echo in real life.

Some little time ago a young man went to dine with two sisters who lived with a maiden aunt. On his arrival no one was in the drawing-room, but ultimately the aunt appeared, a foolish, gigglesome person, bearing her years far too lightly. After a space of boring conversation for the young man, the nieces came down.

"Ah, my dears," cried the gigglesome aunt, "you see I was the early bird! I caught the worm!"

The three young people had a sense of humour, and thinking the jest too good to be lost they sent it to one of the comic papers. The editor replied that precisely the same jest had been published twenty years before, the sketch accompanying it showing slightly different circumstances.

The Scottish Season

WE hear a great deal about the "exodus to the moors" and "the rush to Scotland," but neither "exodus" nor "rush" are so marked as last year. The truth is moors and deer forests have not let over well, and a good many people who invariably went North have gone abroad instead. A not inconsiderable number of houses

Photograph *British Illustrations*

AT NORTH BERWICK

Mrs. Menzies and Mrs. Little waiting to drive off at the first tee of this famous Scottish course, which is crowded with celebrities during August and September

Prince Nicholas of Roumania

PRINCE NICHOLAS, the King of Roumania's second son, has finished his "schooling" at Eton, and has returned to Bucharest. He is, I believe, the first European prince to be educated at an English public school. The Prince is nineteen, and it will be interesting to watch his future career and the part he will play in Roumania. The youthful Marquis of Donegall has gone with Prince Nicholas on a visit to Bucharest. Before the War Queen Marie, Prince Nicholas's mother, delighted in entertaining her English friends. History, it seems, is being repeated in the case of her son. And an excellent thing it is, because it makes for understanding and good relationships.

Queen Marie of Roumania is one of the cleverest women in Europe, but her near relations all seem to be rather afraid of her cleverness. Perhaps it is because she is so outspoken.

Photograph *British Illustrations*

BARON DE GOUNZBERG

With Mrs. Esmond, at North Berwick, where the English invasion is at its height, and golf is played from the shriek of dawn to the last sighs of sunset

Photograph *Alfieri*

ON THE POLO GROUND AT DEAUVILLE

Mrs. Rickards and Baron de Jeune on the polo field at Deauville, where the ponies are put to it each day before the interested gaze of a cosmopolitan society that embraces Kings and croupiers, midinettes and marquisses

in Scotland are shut up altogether, and, except amongst the very rich, entertaining will be on a quiet scale amongst those that are open.

DEAUVILLE JOTTINGS

DEAUVILLE has been basking in the reflected glory of Royalty these last weeks, and all will regret the King of Spain's departure to San Sebastian. Residing under the informal *incognito* of Duc de Tolédo, with his friends, the Marquis and Marquise de Vianna, at the beautiful Villa Clairefontaine, at Hennequeville, not far from the *Plage Fleurie*, he has delighted all Deauville by taking part in the most democratic manner in all the amusements that are so plentiful in this, the high season. Each morning he had two tables reserved for him at the Potinière amongst the crowd, eating shrimps and drinking cocktails like any ordinary Deauvillois. The Duke and Duchess de Penaranda are members of the house-party, and Lord and Lady Wodehouse have been riding with the King and accompanying him to the Potinière.

HE has been playing polo when the weather permitted, for Deauville has not been doing its duty by its Royal guest in the way of sunshine. The Sunday races that were to have been an event of fashion and display took place in a dismal downpour, and produced nothing but a crowd of mackintoshes and umbrellas. The King turned up, nevertheless, and was seen in the grand-stand, chatting to the Shah of Persia, who also appears to be greatly enjoying his stay at the *Plage Fleurie*.

ENGLISH visitors are pouring in for the racing. The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland have arrived, the Duchess finding a mild amusement in an occasional flutter at the tables. Lord and Lady Stanley are here, too, the latter being an enthusiastic punter, going from table to table to "banco" the third *coup*, with fluctuating success.

LORD and Lady Fitzwilliam are on board their yacht in the harbour of Trouville, with their daughters, and there is quite a representative crowd of the British peerage on the beach, bathing in the morning and running the gauntlet of the ubiquitous photographers anxious to snap them in bathing kit. Lord and Lady Beaverbrook are among the throng, and Lady Drogheda and her children, with Lady Idina Gordon, are at a villa at Houlgate, and come into Deauville to dance and look on at the polo and enjoy the bathing.

Photograph *Central News*

THE KING OF SPAIN AT THE QUEEN OF PLAGES

King Alfonso with his hostess, the Marquise de Vianna, and the Duchess of Penaranda (right), with whom the King has been spending some time at Deauville, where he has had the opportunity of some good polo

GAMBLING continues to be the favourite amusement. The weather has been so wet that one is positively driven into the Casino, *faute de mieux*. Play has been very high. Most of the interest is centred round the "big" table, where stakes start at a minimum of 1,500 francs and go up to the maximum of 20,000 in a very short time. The new Baroness d'Erlanger, who was Mrs. Cooper Hewitt, is a constant player here, and much interest has been aroused by an Englishwoman who plays higher than any man and who carried off a win of 400,000 francs one night. A sum that should make even a stay at Deauville a profitable one. PETETTE

Photograph *I. B.*

CHUCKLES!

Lady Stanley enjoys a joke, which, unfortunately, the camera man has not allowed us to share. This, of course, was taken at Deauville; bathing in England at the moment would take "the smile off the face of a tiger." Channel swimmers excepted

Lord Jesterfield's Letters to his Son

By COLLINSON OWEN

Illustrated by A. K. MACDONALD

No. XIV

MY DEAR BOY—

IT is likely, I fear, that by the time you have completed the education in which I have so long guided you there will be less opportunity of your employing it for your country's good—or otherwise—than I had anticipated. The profession of hereditary legislator is just now under a cloud. When the time comes for me to be gathered to my forefathers—and may it be long delayed—I shall not be able to hand on to you the proud sceptre which has come down through so many Jesterfields. My demise will merely be your nomination. The decision as to whether or not you will be able to assist in making the laws of your country will be left with your peers. And in spite of warm paternal affection I am conscious that your chances of forming some day a Ministry of your own are considerably lessened by that circumstance. I am comforted by the thought that it is not likely to be a very bitter disappointment to you.

This unwholesome passion for democracy, which for some years past has made the world such an unpleasant place to live in, has resulted in the stern eye of reform being bent on the House of Lords. Not only are people questioning how some of us got there—and in this, Heaven knows, there is sufficient reason—but it is now proposed that only a modest proportion of us shall be allowed to continue our task of smoothing away the *gaucheries* of the House of Commons.

Most of those who have to accept this fate will, I am sure, take it with becoming calmness. Yet there are exceptions, and so quaintly conceived is human nature that some of those who for decades past have not bothered to exercise their privilege of legislating now protest loudly at the prospect of being deprived of it. There is old Lord Spudde, for instance, who for well-nigh forty years has never been seen dressed in anything but a farmer's garments, and who, during all that time, has been lost in the fastnesses of Lincolnshire. His, by the way, is an old scandal. Many years ago he married his cook, a lady, I believe, in no way prepossessing, for reasons which were never completely understood. Indeed, I do not see what possible reason could justify a man in marrying his cook. The County showed its distress so patently that Spudde shut his gates to them, immersed himself in the soil, and let his Countess go on with the cooking.

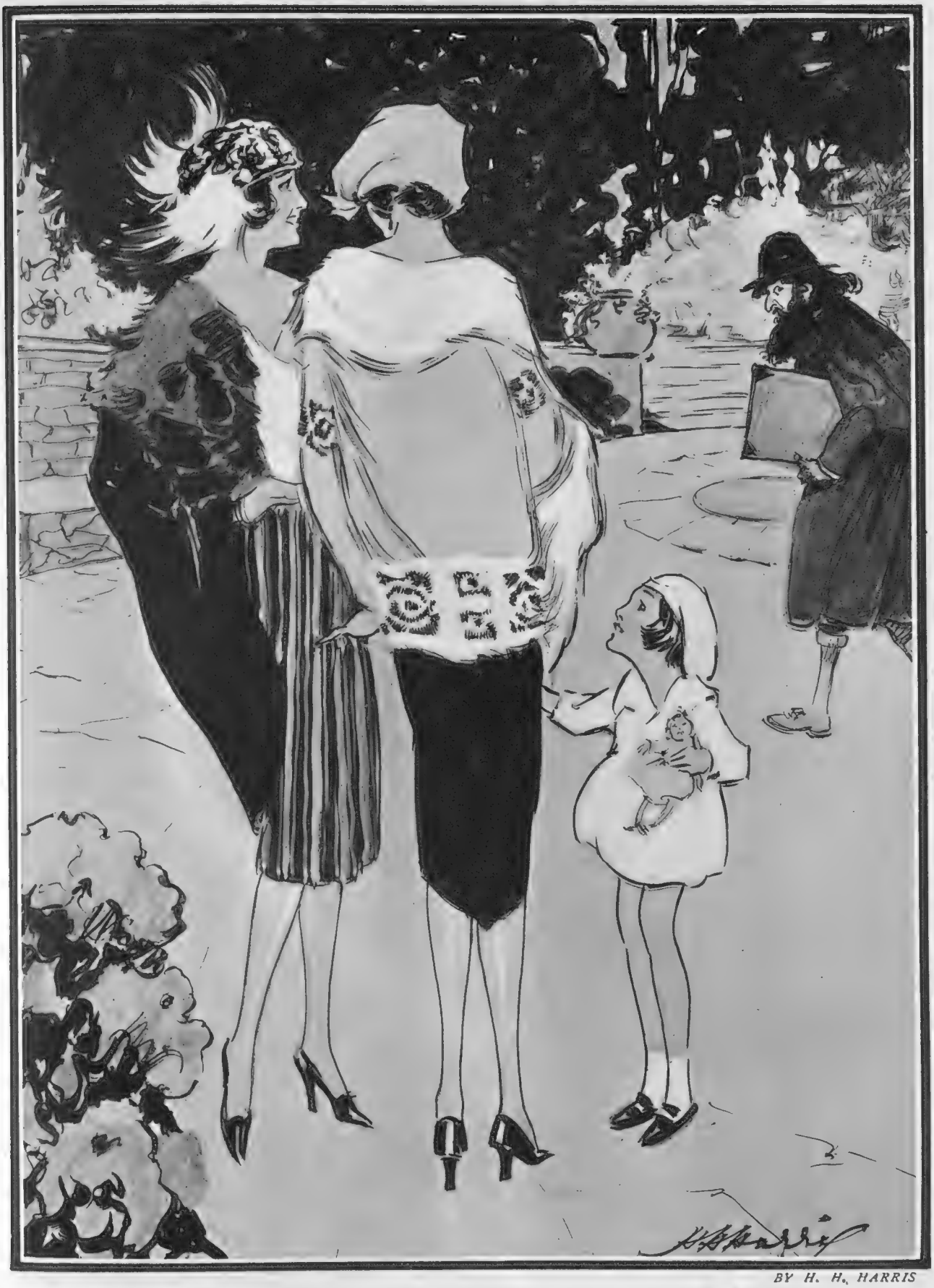
"And let his Countess go on with the cooking"

Then imagine my amazement at meeting Spudde in the hallway of a St. James's club, dressed more or less as a gentleman of 1880, and largely hidden behind a fringe of chin whisker. The poor fellow was pathetically glad to see somebody who remembered him, and thrust out a horny hand in welcome. I will confess that I was a little perturbed at entertaining such an obvious Rip van Winkle to lunch, but here, if ever, was a case of *noblesse oblige*. One must always greet the Old Order, wherever and however one finds it. I would rather have you gracious to a lodging-house keeper who has fallen from high estate than amiable with a company promoter who is passing through the inelegant process of climbing up to it.

Spudde, in a curious country *patois* which I had some difficulty in following, explained that he had ventured to Town as a protest against the possibility of being

(*Continued on page 382*)

"Beaver'y Careful — !"



BY H. H. HARRIS

"LOOK, MUMMY, THERE GOES A QUEEN BEAVER!"

LORD JESTERFIELD'S LETTERS TO HIS SON (continued)

deprived of his ancient right as an hereditary legislator. But his courage failed him at the idea of presenting himself alone at the Palace of Westminster, and he begged that he might go in my company. It was well that I consented to this further exhibition of Christian charity, as the policemen on duty, though no strangers to the occasional reappearance of wild peers from the backwoods, had never seen anything like poor Spudde. I need hardly say that his original idea of voicing his protest against the proposals to reform us soon evaporated. A long attention

"The policemen on duty"

to potatoes and manure is not the best preparation for eloquence in the Senate, even though history shows us some notable exceptions.

I think there is little of moral in the affair of Spudde, except to point out that if a gentleman marries his cook he deserves all that life brings him. I mention him to show you to what low estate even an authentic nobleman may fall by a total disregard of the most elementary rules of conduct. When one remembers that the three most important dates in a man's life are those of his birth, his marriage, and his demise, it is amazing with what a degree of stupidity so many men approach the only one of these three crises over which they have any degree of control. I trust that when the impulse comes for you to get married you will at least bestow as much care and thought on the matter as you would, say, on choosing a waistcoat.

As to all this business of Honours of which you may have read so much of late, you may take it for granted that in such an affair things are never quite what they seem. The whole of the agitation has really been aimed at that amazing person, Sir Cuthbert Knutt. His career, as the *feuilletonists* would say, reads like a veritable romance. Little more than ten years ago Sir Cuthbert was a clerk or something in some vague industrial town in the North. Having some aptitude for figures he realised there were better things to do, and began by making a book at the local races. Cuthbert prospered. I need hardly point out to you how easy it is for a bookmaker who has all the business virtues to relieve other people of their money. You have had some experience of it.

But Cuthbert knew he was no ordinary person. He possessed that curious sort of personality which interests the other sex, but makes all honest men want to kick him. He came to London, opened a sumptuous starting price office in the West End, and soon had many fair clients on his books. Cuthbert's affairs, likewise his *affaires*, prospered. Soon the tale of his adventures was the talk of Tattersall's. The War came, and he turned contractor. Money flowed in, and he judiciously laid out a proportion of it in charitable works. It was well invested, and in due course Cuthbert was knighted. He did not stop there, and in that period following the Armistice, when anything dreadful might happen, Cuthbert became a baronet.

The knighthood had left *le monde* comparatively cold. After all, most people become knights in time, and it was not felt that any notable departure had been made. But the baronetcy caused considerable uneasiness. And latterly it became known that Sir Cuthbert was sapping and mining most industriously for a peerage, and was making considerable progress underground. His preliminary bursting charge was £50,000, and it was known that he was prepared to double it.

And at that all decent men took alarm. Yet it was found, when the matter came to be tackled, that the fellow had dug himself in remarkably well, and had the power to be awkward. Normally such a person may be checkmated on account of his lady. But Cuthbert had been wise enough not to marry young —or even to marry at all— and so had no *disgracieuse* female to stand in the way of his advancement. Since his Achilles heel did not lie in his better half, other methods had to be adopted. Hence all that you read of in the newspapers.

Nothing will come of all this, of course—at least, nothing that the public will understand. As a matter of fact, all that matters has already been done. Sir Cuthbert has been effectively scotched, and the Gilded Chamber will know him not. In truth, it has all been as pretty a bit of work as one could wish, done with excellent *finesse*. If anything need ever be found to justify the Lords in staying in, it would be the manner they adopted to keep Cuthbert out. JESTERFIELD

Royalty at Work and Play

THE YOUNG PRINCE AND PRINCESS

Princess Christina and her young brother, Prince Juan, with a youthful pedlar of crabs, on the beach at Santander, where they are enjoying a summer holiday

Photographs *Central News*

KING ALFONSO AND THE QUEEN OF SPAIN

The King and Queen of Spain have been staying at Santander—the most fashionable resort on the Bay of Biscay—with their children. The King is now at Deauville, and will visit our own Royalty in September. They are here seen chatting with a wounded officer from the African campaign in hospital at Santander

Femina

"THE IMPOSSIBLE QUEST." BY "CANDIDA."

All the year round you are not required to be deliriously happy. The life-is-real-life-is-earnest business does not leave much loophole for enjoyment. You are so busy making a living—if that's your line, and it mostly is nowadays—that there's no time to live when it's made. But holidays should be different. Holidays were specially invented to be happy in. What other excuse have they for existence?

The art of living happily is a serious business. "*Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait,*" was said by somebody who ought to have known that they don't, and never did, and never will. Most of us manage to live without any vain regrets. After all, it might always be worse. Haven't we invented resignation, and given it beautiful reasons for existence, and made it into a virtue, and lived more or less happily with it ever after?

In the holidays there's time to think, unless you happen to be one of those energetic females who is always playing at some game or other. In this green garden on a cliff, overlooking a stretch of blue sea, I feel that I am meant to be happy. Overhead, an army of beech leaves murmur their content to the breeze from the sea. A red rose breathes in adoration with the sunlight, and a young woman in a deck-chair seems happily asleep in a patch of shade. Idyllic, isn't it, and as far removed from the hustle and bustle, the stress and the strain of town as a hustling, bustling train could take one, did take me, as a matter of fact, the day before yesterday.

Obviously there is only one art which we ought to have learnt at school: the art of living happily. We don't stumble upon it haphazardly in later years, or there would be less wrinkles at forty. The latest complexion specialist, the rage of the season in Town, gave you, with her pot of face cream, this priceless injunction: "Try and keep a contented mind," she would say, soothingly, "and you'll see the difference in a fortnight."

I don't doubt it. Who would not keep a contented mind, considering how much pleasanter it is than the other thing? But it's not to be had for the asking, at least, not by most women. I've been reading the remarks *à propos* of happiness in women (it sounds like a disease, but that's the way he expressed it) of a doctor-man, and they're not particularly edifying. "Woman," says he, "has the best chance of happiness under fifteen and over fifty, when she may" (he isn't over-sanguine even then) "be more or less absorbed in the pursuit of worthy ideals. . . . But from fifteen to fifty she is engaged upon that impossible quest, the search for an ideal husband."

I wonder! I don't remember any particularly worthy ideals that spurred me on at thirteen, and I don't think that the young things of to-day keep their heads in the clouds any more than I did. As for that impossible quest, the search for an ideal husband, or the ideal in one's husband, on the part of the woman of forty—well, what she has not fathomed, and made the best of in her husband, is not worth questing for.

"The impossible quest," has its points. "It is the worrying of discontented women that makes men get on" says my doctor authority. "We owe Socrates not so much to the heavenly voice of inspiration as to the unpleasantness of Xantippe's temperament," which throws a light on the philosopher's life badly out of keeping with my ideals. I don't know which is less edifying, the feeble creature who can't get on unless he's pushed, or the nagging female who pushes because she can't help it.

I refuse to believe in either of them. I have met men who did not owe their success to their wives, because they never had any, and I know at least a dozen women of forty who never embarked on any impossible quest, and never will. Who cares, anyway, on a holiday, when the sun is shining, and the sky is one big dome of azure, and the sea a stretch of cobalt blue? But that's the worst of holidays. They give you time to think, unless you happen to be built like my young friend who's fast asleep in her deck chair, dreaming (she's of the dangerous age) — of that "impossible quest, the search for an ideal husband."

By Frank Sherwin

He: "Hello, are you moored here?"
She: "Not exactly, my name's Gladys"

HOME

O, WHEN you come to Paris
It's very large and fine;
The chestnuts bloom along the roads,
The very houses shine.
The sky is bright and tender,
The world's in merry mood;
And all the girls are slender,
And all the wines are good.

A fortnight spent in Paris
Is about five minutes long,
For most of it is jollity,
And all the rest is song.
The whole world seems to be your friend,
And nothing e'er goes ill;
You think such fun can never end
(It's true about the bill).

O there's sun and fun in plenty,
And pretty girls galore;
Both Solomon and Sheba's Queen
Might marvel more and more. . . .
Yet I, who *live* in Paris,
Have longing eyes that strain
Towards Dover, ghostly in the fog,
And London whipped with rain.

H. PEARL ADAM

SKETCHES BY ELSA COURLANDER

BY "JINGLE"
ILLUSTRATED BY MACMICHAEL

THE Problem in this play appears to be that if a divorced husband comes and billets himself on his former wife and family, what are you going to do about it? Mr. Harris Deans presents all sides of the problem like the facets of a diamond, before arriving at the solution with the help of some of the brightest and wittiest dialogue that the West End stage has enjoyed for some time. The play sparkles agreeably from first to last; and if Mr. Deans permits himself to give us now and then a familiar jest, he at least gives it a new dress and a new feather in its cap. Eyebrows have been raised not unreasonably at the rather cheap sally at the expense of Peruvians. One of the characters has heard that the Peruvian barks. What? I think this play upon words was first launched on the world by Artemus Ward with the "Spotted Babe of Peru," as described by its Barnumesque showman. As thus: "When assailed by the pangs of hunger the infant do not howl and gnash its toothless gums like the ornary babe of commoerce, but it climbs up to the rooft of the caravan where it barks like a dorg. Hence the term—Peruvian bark."

BUT it would be quite improper to quote one lapse of the author as typical of his work. On the contrary, it is for the most part original and delightful. We are first of all introduced to Mrs. Ripley, a simpering and not very brainy creature, whose very commonplaces are exquisitely droll. Her husband left her many years ago, chiefly, as far as we can gather, because he could not stand having to walk the floor at night with the new baby. Some men leave home for one reason and some for another. And as her husband showed no sign of returning to her, Mrs. Ripley, with the aid of a clever—a very clever—lawyer secured a divorce, so that she would be again eligible for the nuptial knot. Mr. Ripley went to Australia to make money, but seems to have acquired very little else except a chronic and comprehensive thirst. Finding himself again in England after the lapse of some fifteen years or so, he learns by accident that his former wife, on the strength of a legacy left her by an uncle, is living in comfortable circumstances near the place where he happened to be at the time.

IN a casual and perfectly unconcerned way he strolls into his former wife's house, and helps himself to a little drink from the tantalus on the sideboard. Then he meets one or two young people, including his daughter, and we get an extra complication to the problem in the question: If he is not his wife's husband who is his daughter's father? Mrs. Ripley is, if anything, rather pleased to see her former husband again. She is in the habit of calling every man "darling," and when she mechanically addresses her husband-that-was by this term of endearment she hastens to explain that she does not

ETHEL COLERIDGE AS MRS HUMPHRIES

mean anything by it. But it is a straw that shows the direction of the wind. The situation thus becomes quite delightfully ridiculous. Mr. Ripley seems to have the skin of the average pachyderm. Hints that his presence is not entirely welcome, or even quite correct, are entirely wasted upon him. He beams on the assembled household with captivating good nature, and, having found some whisky and a pack of cards, gathers the men round his table and proposes to make a night of it.

MRS. HUMPHRIES is Mr. Ripley's married sister. She is a stern-faced woman of uncertain age, who comes and stays with the Ripleys for a month in every year. She strides about the stage with the flat-footed ferocity of the Bogie Man, and she is, of course, a Tower of Morality. With such a face and figure no other line of conduct would appear to be open to her. It is clear to her that her brother ought not to remain on the premises, since he is now no longer Mrs. Ripley's lawful husband. Besides, in the improbable event of his remarrying his former wife, Mrs. Humphries knows that she would no longer be a more or less welcome guest in the Ripley home.

MRS. RIPLEY has not the strength of character to send her sister-in-law packing; but Mr. Ripley himself would have no hesitation in the matter. Meanwhile all precautions are taken to safeguard the proprieties of the moment, and the card game proceeds. Mr. Ripley has to admit that for the moment his sole capital is the sum of two shillings and ninepence, though even that is larger than the traditional half-crown with which the average millionaire claims to have begun his commercial life.

IN the morning we gather that Mr. Ripley had won ten pounds and was still going strong when the rest of the party were unable to keep awake. Miss Joan Ripley, the daughter of the house, glancing casually round the sideboard on coming down to breakfast, observes that the whisky bottle is empty, and playfully suggests to one of the gentlemen that that may be why he complains of having a bit of a head.

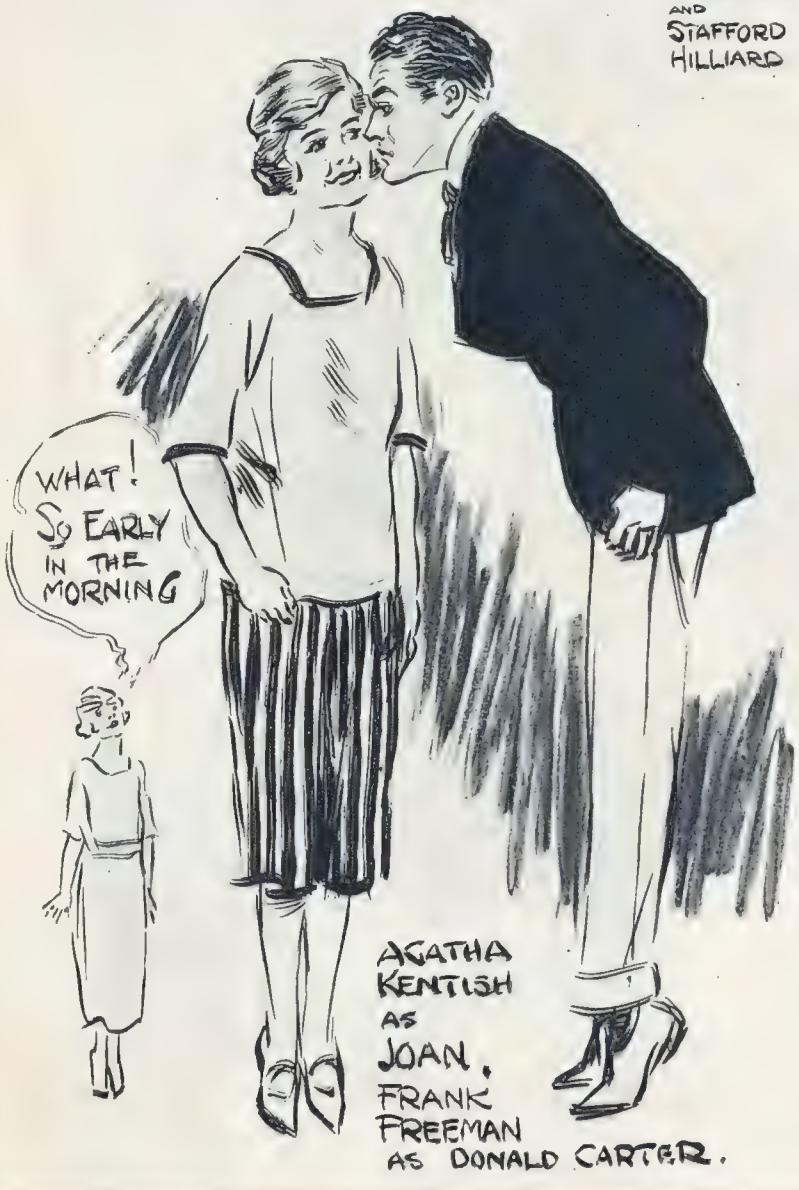
CONSIDERING, however, that the bottle was only about half full when the evening started, and that it had to last four men for five or six hours, Miss Ripley shows a distressingly inadequate understanding of primitive human needs.

I do not drink whisky myself, but I have heard and do conscientiously believe that any given four men making a night of it could put up a better show than that. But all this fascinating detail does not solve the problem of the husband who is still on the premises without evincing the least inclination to go out alone into the cold, hard world with his two-and-ninepence and his night's winnings. At this stage of the proceedings Mrs. Humphries has a brain wave.

MR. RIPLEY stated on his arrival at the house that he was on his way to Southampton to take the boat for Australia. Mrs. Humphries has a friend in Southampton who, on being duly primed as to the facts of the case, will cheerfully send a telegram to say that Mr. Ripley's boat has been timed to start two days earlier than originally arranged. And, so that the artful fellow shall not receive the telegram when everyone else is out, and hide the fact that it has been delivered, it is arranged that they shall all go for a picnic. On their return the telegram will be on the hall table, and everybody will know that Mr. Ripley has received it. The picnic is prepared accordingly, and just as everybody is ready to start, Mr. Ripley explains that he has not agreed to go for any picnic, and prefers to stay at home with a well-cooked lunch and the very attractive old port.

THE RETURN FROM THE PICNIC

E PIRIE BUSH ETHEL COLERIDGE AND STAFFORD HILLIARD



AGATHA KENTISH AS JOAN. FRANK FREEMAN AS DONALD CARTER.

MISS KATE CUTLER as the charmingly frivolous Mrs. Ripley speaks the author's witty lines with a child-like simplicity that adds much to their piquancy; while Mr. C. V. France is amazingly versatile as the easy-going, good-natured Ripley. Miss Ethel Coleridge, as the heavyweight Mrs. Humphries, does not spare herself in making-up for her part. She is the unpleasant family relation all right, from the start, and she makes the part genuinely and irresistibly comic.

MR. FRANK FREEMAN and Miss Agatha Kentish are refreshingly attractive as the usual pair of young lovers, without whom no play of this kind is complete. Their acting gives an agreeably dainty picture of everyday romance. But the chief feature of the play is the bantering wit of the dialogue, which in these days is a welcome novelty to the jaded playgoer.

JINGLE

"£ove"

BY GEO. S. DIXON

"But, my dear girl, that fellow earns only thirty shillings a week!"
"Yes, daddy dear, but a week passes so quickly when you're fond of one another"

PLAISIR

FROM THE DRY POINT BY JEAN HARDY

D'ÉTÉ

BY FREDERICK PARKER

BADLY HIT

NEW SERIAL: A Parody of "If Winter Comes." *Fourth Instalment.*

IF SUMMER DON'T

By Barry Pain

Illustrated by Oswald Cuningham.

"What have you been and done with my partnership?"

CHAPTER VI

I

On his arrival at the office next morning Luke was somewhat surprised to receive a visit in his office from Mr. Arthur Dobson. Apparently, Mr. Dobson had something on his mind. He wandered about nervously saying incoherent things about the weather.

"Anything doing?" asked Luke.

"Nothing much. I say, I've found a new place to lunch at. It's run by an Italian, Malodorato. Quite a little place, in Mud Lane. Still there it is, you know. Five courses for one and threepence. That takes some beating."

"Stuff must be pretty bad."

"Well, possibly yes. But think what a lot of it you get for your money. Come and lunch there to-day."

"Thanks. I have promised to go up to Gallows to-day to lunch with the Tyburns."

"You and your aristocratic friends. Well, I could tell you something, Mr. Sharper. I ought not to. It would have to be distinctly understood that you don't breathe a word about it to a soul."

"Of course, of course."

"Very well, then. You look at that sheet of office paper. Old Cain has got his name above the line, and yours and mine beneath it. Well, I may tell you that in a few days' time the only name below the line will be your own. I'm being taken into partnership."

"What a damned shame! I mean to say, I congratulate you. That old blighter has been talking about taking me into partnership for the last two years. At any rate, I have."

"I only talked to him about it once. You see, I happen to be the only one of us three that understands the manufacturing side. You've never been inside the factory in your life. Diggle hardly ever goes, except to make a fool of himself by some damn silly suggestion. No, he keeps to the financial side. He's got a whole pack of doubtful financial dodges, and he'll get seven years for one of them some day. All I did was to tell Diggle that I was applying for the post of manager in a certain rival firm, having had twenty years' experience here. And I asked him if he would give me a testimonial. He said, 'No, but I will give you a partnership.' You don't seem to get hold of the right way of doing things, Sharper."

"All the same," said Sharper, "I'm going straight off to Diggle's room now, and I'm going to give him hell."

"Oh, I say, you can't do that. If he knew I'd told you there'd be the very devil of a row."

"Oh, he won't know. I may be a high-minded sufferer, but I'm a very fair liar as well. I'll put it right for you."

He entered Mr. Diggle's room. Mr Diggle, seated with his back to him, continued the letter he was writing.

"Look here," said Sharper, impulsively, "what have you been and done with that partnership of mine?"

"That you, Sharper? Sit down. I shall be a minute or two. I said, sit down. I did not ask you to twist your feet round the legs of the chair, refrain also from waggling your toes violently. It interrupts my train of thought. Keep the hand still if you please. Thank you."

There were three minutes of absolute silence, during which Diggle, in the most leisurely way possible, finished and blotted his letter.

"And now, Sharper," said Diggle, "I think you wished to say something."

"Well, I mean to say, what have you been and done with my partnership?"

"I was not aware that you had one."

"No, but you promised me. And now you've gone and given it to Dobson."

"I promised you nothing. And that, I think, is what you have got.

Dobson is very gravely in error in telling you anything at all about it. If you will kindly send him here, I will speak to him on the subject."

"Dobson never said a single word about it. I'll take my Bible oath he never did. He came into my room and began to speak in rather a dictatorial way, and I said, 'You might be a partner,' and he blushed."

"I do not think so," said Diggle. "Dobson does not blush. If he did blush it could not show on that complexion."

"But on my word of honour he did. White-faced men blush red. Red-faced men blush purple. Any man of science will tell you that."

"The appointment of a partnership is entirely within my discretion. It has nothing to do with you. If you have nothing further to say, I need not detain you."

"I've a lot more to say, only I can't think of it. I never can. But it's there. Inside my head. On the letter paper you and he will have your names above the line, and mine will be below it."

"That merely shows that I know where to draw the line. I wish you did."

"It's not for myself I mind so much. It's those dear little books of mine. All bound in lilac morocco. Sitting down. It's just as if they were slighted. If this kind of thing goes on, I shan't play any more."

"I'm not asking you to. But you can return to your work. And you remind me, I have had a bill from the binders of those books, sent in to the firm's account. I have explained that this should be charged to your private account. You will get it in due course. Close the door quietly, please, as you go out."

"A wild beast had been put into the bedroom of each guest"

On his way back to his own room Luke again encountered Arthur Dobson.

"It's all right," said Luke, "I said you didn't tell me, but had given it away by blushing when I chanced to speak of it."

"Couldn't you have thought of a better one than that?"

"Oh, it's all right. And I don't mind telling you I've given him a pretty good dressing-down. I let him have the rough side of my tongue."

"Ah," said Dobson, "now that really is something like a lie."

Luke went back to his own room, and sat there deep in thought. Why was everybody so hard and cold? Diggle, Dobson, Mabel—they were all so cruel and rude to him. Nobody loved him. Except Dot and Dash, and possibly . . .

No, that was not to be thought of.

All the same it reminded him that it was time for him to brush his hair and wash his little hands, and go up to lunch at Gallows.

2

It was a large luncheon-party, for Gallows was full of guests. Everybody was very merry and bright, except Luke. Tyburn was specially elated, for his little drive with the zebras had only cost thirteen hundred altogether. There had, apparently, been a terrific rag the night before.

While the guests were at dinner, Tyburn arranged for a number of wild beasts to be brought up from the Mammoth Circus. One was put into the bedroom of each guest to greet him or her on going to bed. No, there had been no real damage done. One of the lions had fainted. It had been given *sal volatile* and had recovered. Only three of the animals and two of the guests were missing. And one of the guests was a Bishop who had never been really wanted. Jona told the whole story hilariously.

Why was it, Luke asked himself, that she was always so merry and bright with others, and so very different when she was with him? Could it be that she wore a mask to the rest of the world, and disclosed her real self only to him?

(*Continued on page 390*)

"ALL HANDS ON DECK!" By Fleming Williams

"Get up quick, Doris. I've filled the kettle with petrol by mistake, and it's begun to boil over!"

"AND SOME FELL BY THE WAYSIDE" By Arthur Moreland

"Have a nip, Dougal?"

"Mak it a gill, Sir Thomas, ma beard's ower thick!"

It could. It could also be just the other way round. That was the annoying part of it.

He was depressed during lunch. The story of Tyburn's practical joke of the previous evening had upset him. He did not like these practical jokes. He was nervous. He felt that at any moment, at a preconcerted signal, the table might blow up, or the ceiling fall down. Everybody else would laugh, and he would hate it. He seldom laughed at anytning anybody else laughed at, though he enjoyed some little jokes of his own that nobody else seemed to appreciate. Especially Mabel. She seemed to be enjoying herself at the other side of the table, laughing at the stories that Major Capstan was telling her From the Major's expression, Luke diagnosed that the stories were not quite—well, not exactly—oh, you know. Would it be Doom Dagshaw or Major Capstan? Oh, what was he thinking of?

Why had he not been put next to Jona? Why did the girl on his right, whom he had never met before, persist in addressing him as Funnyface? Why is a mouse when it spins? The world was full of conundrums.

In the garden after lunch, Jona came straight up to him.

"We are going to play games," she said.

"What games?"

"Well, this morning we played leap-frog down the stairs. That was a little idea of Bill's."

Luke had noticed at lunch that two of the guests wore sticking-plaster on their noses. This explained it.

"I don't think I should like playing leap-frog," he said. "I sometimes play at boats with Dot."

"We'll play at hide-and-seek," said Jona. "You and I will hide together. Come along."

"'I will walk,' said Luke. 'I prefer it'"

They hid in the cool dusk of the tool-shed. Jona sat on the wheelbarrow and talked, and talked, and talked.

At the end of half-an-hour, Luke had failed to ask her what she had meant by certain things on the day that she had called at his office. He made rather a speciality of not being able to say anything that he particularly wanted to say.

He said: "It's funny they've not found us yet."

"Not so very funny," said Jona. "You see, I forgot to tell any of them that we were going to play this game. Here's one of the gardeners coming. Damn. I suppose we'd better join the rest of the crowd."

It was not until Mabel and Luke were leaving that Luke got a chance of another word with Jona.

"We're leaving for Town to-morrow," said Jona. "You'll write and tell me everything that's in your old head, won't you?"

Luke felt that he ought not to write. Mabel would not like it. It would be wrong.

"Thanks," he said, "we so seldom have any postage stamps in the house. And I've lost my Onoto pen, and I sprained my wrist falling off my bicycle."

"Oh, do write, Lukie, dear." She held out her hand to him.

"Good-bye," he said, and ran down the steps. At the bottom of the steps stood the cab, an interesting antique, which was to convey Mabel home. Mabel and Major Capstan were waiting near the door.

"You only took about twenty minutes saying good-bye to Lady Tyburn," said Mabel. "I'm giving Major Capstan a lift. If you think it's fair on the horse to ask it to draw the three of us, get in, of course. Otherwise, it's beautiful weather for a nice walk."

"I will walk," said Luke. "I prefer it." He wished to be alone.

He sat down on the first milestone in the road, and meditated with his head in his hands.

Mabel. His wife. He was very good to her. He had been perfectly faithful to her. And was it worth while? What did she think about him? How much did she care for him? There were two men after her. He seemed to visualise the situation as a scrap from the stop-press of a newspaper.

1 ... ... Mabel
2 ... ... Doom
3 ... ... Capstan

Also ran: Luke Sharper, Esq.

(To be continued next week)

Hail, Binnie!

Photograph *Hana*

MISS BINNIE HALE

Who had such a meteoric success in a recent Vaudeville revue, is now playing in "The Dippers," a new Criterion comedy, with Mr. Cyril Maude also in the cast, and presented by Mr. Thomas C. Dagnall in order to allow Sir Charles Hawtrey to escape for a holiday from the persistently successful "Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure." Miss Binnie Hale is a daughter of that delightful comedian, Robert Hale, and lives at Maidenhead, where she is often to be seen at the wheel of an electric canoe

Schoolboy Lawn Tennis

HOW IT HAS DEVELOPED

THE Schoolboys' Lawn Tennis Tournament at Queen's Club grows in interest year by year, and there is no doubt that its institution has already done much to improve the standard of play among the schoolboys of Great Britain, although it has only reached the fourth year of its existence. When the cups presented by Mr. Donald Macleod (of shipping fame) were first competed for in 1919 the play, taking it all round, was really pretty bad, and the inevitable comparisons were drawn between the best boy players of France and of this country—very much to the detriment, of course, of the latter and quite regardless of the difference in the conditions under which the game is played in the two countries, and of the fact that the average English schoolboy gets no tennis at all except in his holidays.

THE boys of 1919, even the best of them, seemed to aim at very little more than getting the ball over the net—somehow. And the successful ones were those who did this with the greatest regularity. But their shots were quite devoid of length or pace, and they would have been blown off the court by anyone with a fair knowledge of driving and volleying. "Safety first" is a good enough maxim in some cases, but it is hardly to be commended to the young player, whose main object should be to strengthen his own game rather than to profit by the weakness of the other fellow's. Last year, however, there were distinct signs of improvement. The general tone of the play was much more enterprising, and many of the boys showed a considerable aptitude for the aggressive type of game which, when all is said and done, is really the only game worth playing. The strokemakers made good against the mere stonewallers.

THE weather did its best to "crab" this year's meeting, which began on the 11th inst. and finished in the course of last week. But it quite failed to damp the ardour of the boys or to prevent the gathering from being a most cheery one. And the rate of improvement has been well maintained. Since the competition is now four years old some of the boys who began young are, comparatively speaking, old stagers; it was interesting to follow the doings of those who competed last year and the year before, and very amusing to note how the "cracks" watched each others' progress, and what a lot of excitement there was when they met.

IN such a large entry (151 in the Senior Singles and 71 in the Doubles) there was, naturally, quite a large percentage of boys who, to put it quite brutally, were no good at all. But this was only because they had not had their eyes opened and did not know what lawn tennis, when properly played, is really like. They played the game more or less by the light of nature (as I played it once many years ago), and played it as well as they knew how. But they were quite out of it when they came up against others who had had a bit of coaching or else had seen the game properly played—or both. As an instance of what I mean I saw one youngster who had obviously studied Manuel Alonso. And there were others who showed that they had read, marked, learnt, and inwardly digested the methods of the "best people." Conversely, I saw another youngster who handicapped himself horribly by serving from some four or five feet behind the base-line for some reason best known to himself or else to some incompetent mentor who had misguided him.

By Victor Hicks

WEATHER FORECAST

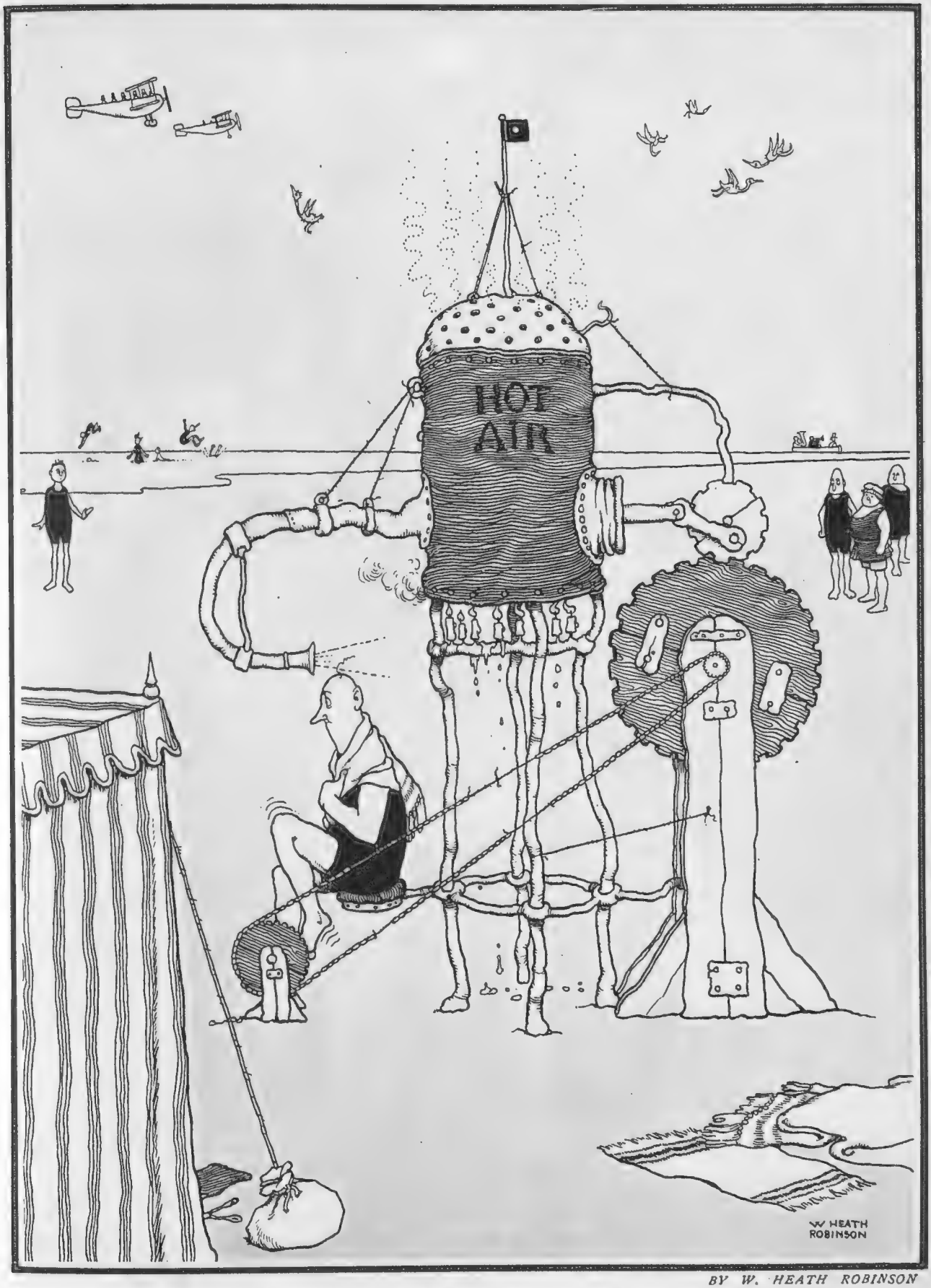
From the date you take your holiday

BUT even if there were some duffers knocking about here and there who found that they were rather hopelessly out of it they may be encouraged to try again, for in that way they will learn, even if they fail again, valuable lessons. I am reminded of a story about "Tony" Wilding in the days when, though still an undergraduate at Cambridge, he was already a great player and—in a nice, boyish sort of way—rather conceited about it. To an aspiring novice who asked him for a hint or two as to how to improve his game he replied, quite ingenuously, "Read the Dohertys' book and then come and watch *me*." In the same way schoolboy lawn tennis has now reached a pitch of proficiency that enables the weaklings to profit by watching, and playing against, their stronger and more experienced brethren. Such, to name only a few, are C. E. J. Evers (Haileybury), the winner of the Senior Singles last year, who has since left school and passed the age limit; N. H. Latchford, of K.C.S., Wimbledon; H. K. Lester, of the Leys School; R. E. Frearson and C. E. W. Mackintosh, of Eastbourne; and H. W. Austin, of Repton. I do not mean by this that the schoolboys' tournament is going to turn out champion players by the bushel in the near future or anything of that kind, for I am one of those who believe that champion players are born, not made. But I also know that many a potential champion has failed to come to maturity through lack of the proper environment and training, and I believe that the schoolboys' tournament is going to help enormously in bringing success to those who, at the outset of their lawn tennis careers, show real promise of succeeding.

H. S. S.

The Finishing Touch

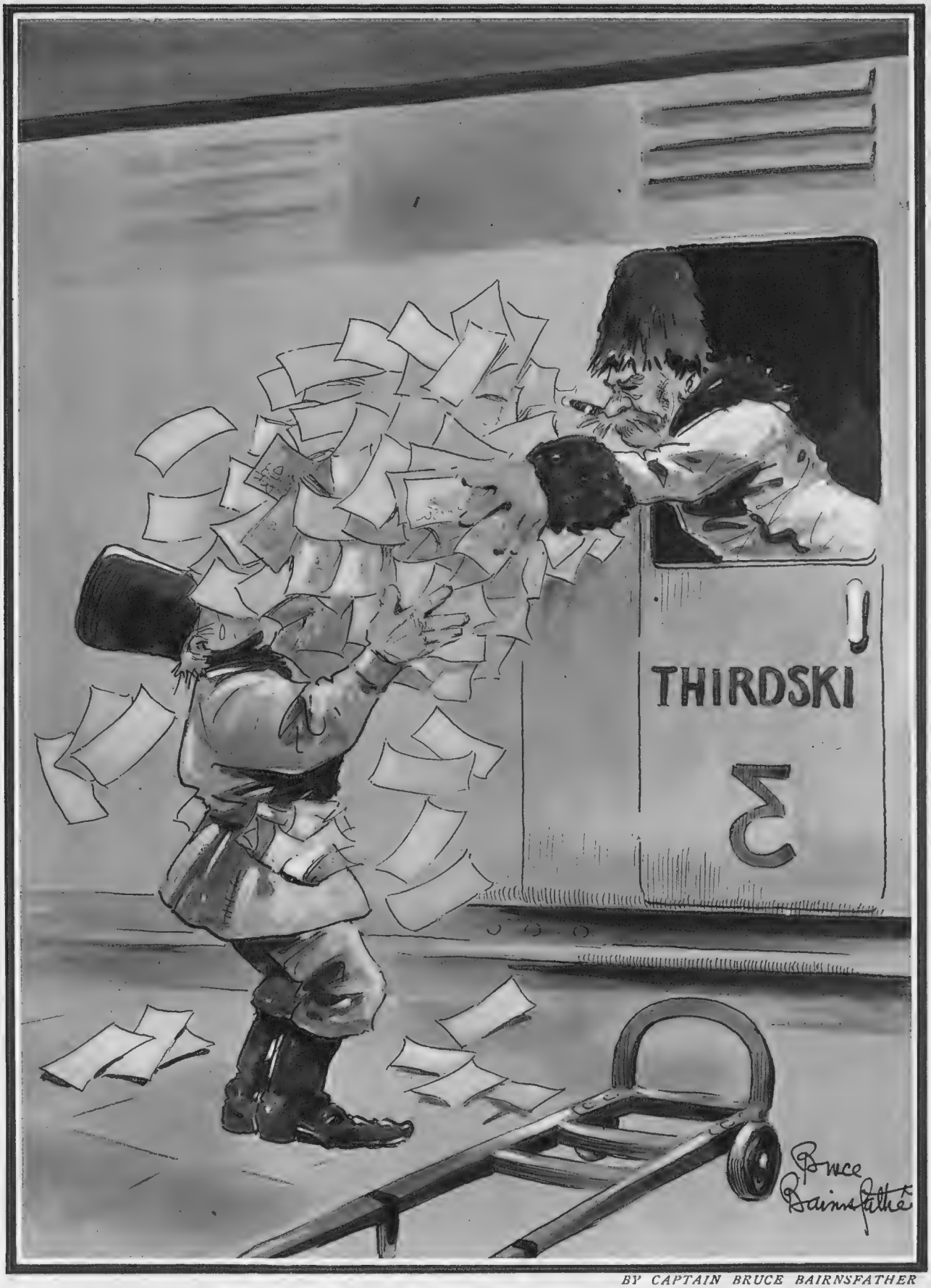
(IT'S DRY BEFORE YOU CAN SAY "HEATH ROBINSON")



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

A new machine erected on Margate sands for drying the hair after bathing

An Exchange Problem



BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

They are thinking of changing the currency on the Moscow - Cumamuckavitch Railway. These million rouble tips to porters (one shilling) are becoming a perfect nuisance

GOING TO THE DOGS

"Look what ripping good sports Dogs are!"

Why It Is Worth Doing

BY THE KENNELMAN

NOTHING since Armistice Night has tickled me so much as the Editor's invitation to write these notes.

One hears of parsonic swells (my own reverend Uncle Theodosius was a case in point) being considerably elated over getting a "call" to a comfortable West End pulpit; but, after all, a call from THE BYSTANDER—Well, well; a good deal more in my line, anyhow.

I had to play the game, and explain that I'm not precisely in the champion class as a writer; after which it was comforting to be assured that when BYSTANDER readers want a chaste literary style, gems of English prose, and that sort of thing, they turn naturally to the editorial parts of the paper, and that all they'll expect from me is heart-to-heart talk about Dogs. That really is my line of country, for I began going to the bow-wows before I was out of the nursery, and, in the spacious old days before the Flood (1914-18), the kennels down home seldom had fewer than a couple of score; and a good half of 'em winners.

(I understand the gilded financier who owns the place now has turned the old kennels into some sort of a rock garden! Well—"*Chacun à son mal y pense!*" as my next door Company Commander in France used to say. What he called his "French" being limited to two proverbs, he liked to wangle in a bit of each wherever possible.)

Considerable hot air's been pumped from time to time about *nouveaux riches* and the New Poor. Well, my poverty seems pretty elderly now—it's a long time since the Armistice—and my boss is of the *nouveaux riches* battalion all right. Glad enough I am of it, too, for he's a perfectly good sport, and if it weren't for his riches (new or old) he'd hardly be forking out eight of the best per week for the privilege of having me run his kennels for him. The life is absolutely my handwriting; I get more fun out of the Dogs than he does, without paying the bills; and goodness only knows how I should have done my bit in the world after the Flood, if he hadn't helped me to go to the Dogs!

Meantime, it does rather beat me how all you BYSTANDER people have put up for years with the absence from the one and only weekly of any sort of Dog talk.

The thing's not reasonable, and I fancy we two-legged folk are inclined to take ourselves and our superiority too seriously. I'm not disputing the Hottentot's possession of a soul, or the right of every citizen of all the queer little republics that have bobbed up under "self-determination" to billy-cock hats and gin-and-bitters. But there's another community whose people enter a whole lot more closely into our lines, and whose possession of four legs and a tail apiece doesn't a bit justify leaving 'em out of the good old BYSTANDER.

Sketches by "BREED" *Blampied*

Seriously, has it occurred to you that the Dog population in this country runs into millions; or that several millions sterling are annually spent over Dogs? Both facts. Also, the number of Dog shows held works out round about two for every day in the year, and many of 'em, like the Kennel Club and Cruft's and the L.K.A., and a dozen or so of the provincials, are the jolliest sort of social-*cum*-sporting functions imaginable.

We've fully a quarter of a million pedigree Dogs—equivalent to people in the Red Book, you know—and a hundred thousand of the *pukka* Debrett type of Dog community aristocracy and nobility. There are more than 500 registered Dog clubs and societies; and a couple of recent shows in London, to mention no others, attracted between 7,000 and 8,000 separate entries between them. Figures do talk, don't they?

There are thousands of well-established Dog-doctors (some of 'em making more out of Dogs than they ever made out of horses, even in pre-motoring days), and nurses, hospitals, hotels, convalescent homes, food, clothing, and accessory manufacturers, etc., not to mention rank and file bottle-washers like me, who, happening to know a bit about Dogs, make a better living out of 'em than we'd ever extract from our own two-legged kin. There are six-and-eighty registered breeds of Dogs; and I've seen two separate specimens this week for whom a thousand guineas apiece has been offered and refused—more than any sane plutocrat would offer for the likes o' me!

But, quite apart from all the figures in the world, look what ripping good sports Dogs are! What clinking good pals! What top-hole fellows, all round! And

"GOING TO THE DOGS" (*continued*)

then tell me if you can that it's right for the paper that everybody who's anybody reads over the week-end to ignore 'em!

No, no; putting aside all taffy about modesty, it was high time the Editor *did* send me my call; and if only he isn't too much of a martinet about space, and you people play up, we'll see, after this week, that the tens of thousands of Dog-lovers who must read THE BYSTANDER do get a bit of their own special kind of information, in addition to all the chronicles of Society and Politics, and the rest of the two-legged interests, which, I'm bound to say, *are* rather absorbing—when served up with BYSTANDER sauce.

You'll remember, please, that I'm just a Kennelman, and here to be shot at. What I don't know about the Concert of Europe and the plans of Mr. Lloyd George would fill pantechnicons; but I've never met the Dog I couldn't handle, and teach, and make a friend of, and for every pup I ever lost I believe I've reared a hundred; all the way from Pekes and Sealyhams to Danes and Bloodhounds and Wolfhounds. So you needn't mind potting at me with enquiries, and, at least, you won't be told any lies. (Better mark the envelopes: "Kennelman," and address 'em to the Editor.)

And so, by your leave, after this week, and in this particular corner of THE BYSTANDER, we'll all—Go to the Dogs!

RACING NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

The Autumn Double

BIG prices are tempting many people to endeavour to find the winners of the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire before the publication of the weights. When you get 123 entries in one race and rather more in the other the chances of spotting the double are obviously remote, and I should advise a postponement of the effort until the acceptances have appeared on September 12. Still, human nature being what it is, we must expect venturesome folk to dabble in double-finding at this early stage. It will not be out of place, therefore, to suggest a few likely horses for each race.

Backwood's Chance

ONE horse who might be kept on the right side in the Cesarewitch is Backwood. I have had my eye on him for this race ever since I saw him run remarkably well over two miles at Lingfield in the early part of the season. His staying powers are unquestionable, and it was sheer force of stamina which enabled him so unexpectedly to credit Mr. Whineray with the Ascot Derby. He is trained by Harry Cottrill, who also has the rather erratic Chivalrous in the race. But the two are in different ownerships and both may run.

Cesarewitch Horses

A LIKELY four-year-old is Eaglehawk. He showed us in the Goodwood Cup last season that he is by no means deficient in stamina, and at Liverpool last month he demonstrated that he retains his form. He is the only horse which Felix Leach's stable has in the Cesarewitch, so there is a good chance that his backers will get a run. Another who can be regarded as a probable competitor is Charlebelle. That this mare is not altogether a back number was shown when she scored so easily at Sandown Park recently, and I think her trainer has managed at last to get her back to her old form. The Cesarewitch horses which I recommend, therefore, are Backwood, Eaglehawk, and Charlebelle.

One for the Cambridge

TO pick a likely horse for the Cambridgeshire is not an easy task, for the race is not run until October 25, and all sorts of things may occur before then to place a new aspect on the issue. I shall be surprised if Mr. S. B. Joel does not produce a formidable competitor, but to say whether it will be Sicyon,

BY "THE TOUT"

SIR SAMUEL SCOTT

The popular and energetic senior steward of the Jockey Club, whose horses are trained by S. Darling at Newmarket

Polyhistor, or Pondoland would be only the purest guesswork. My own idea is that Pondoland is an ideal colt for the Cambridgeshire course. It is just as great a problem to spot the most likely one of the eight which Alec Taylor's stable has in this race. This lot alone would make a very interesting race between them. I am inclined to choose Stratford. I think that if you double up this colt in the Cambridgeshire together with Eaglehawk and Charlebelle in the long-distance race you will have a good prospect of having some fun for your money in each instance.

Manchester's Big Race

THE acceptances appeared last week for the Prince Edward Handicap, which is always one of the most interesting of the big autumn handicaps. I am inclined to pick out Norseman and Bumble Bee as a likely pair to supply the winner. Bumble Bee has been a disappointing creature for a long time past, but on his running in the Goodwood Cup he has an undeniable chance here.

Stockton Prospects

EVERYTHING seems to promise well for the Stockton meeting this week. Lord and Lady Londonderry are entertaining their usual big company at Wynyard Park, including Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles, and there are plenty of other house parties in the neighbourhood. This is one of those meetings at which we see the best Northern horses in rivalry with some good ones trained in the South. Usually the latter get the better of the argument, but some of the Northern stables are pretty strong just now. Last week, for example, Bazley, of Malton, picked up a substantial prize at Nottingham with Lemstar.

Some Selections

AMONG the attractions of the meeting will be the Stockton Stewards' Handicap on Wednesday, which I shall expect BLUE LADY or SISTER-IN-LAW to win in Mr. Somerville Tattersall's colours. **Cos** should not have much difficulty in winning the Hardwicke Plate, and in her absence Lord Durham might win with MORESTEL. On the following day **Craigangower** should secure the Durham County Produce Plate. At Bath on Wednesday the Summer Handicap may go to WILLONYA or BRANCE, and on the second day Mr. de Pledge may win the Grosvenor Handicap with ALARIC or GALLIO.

BUCHANAN'S
SCOTCH WHISKY

THERE IS *NOTHING OF FINER QUALITY* NOR OF *SUCH GOOD VALUE*

as

"BLACK & WHITE"

OBTAINABLE.

The largest Stocks of fine old matured Scotch Malt Whiskies are held by Messrs. James Buchanan and Co. Ltd. and Associated Companies. This enables them to maintain a Blend of the highest standard of quality both at Home and Abroad.

The Broken Arrow of Cupid

BY "ROLAND." *Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN*

"Must humbly offer the circlet of honour"

MES AMIS—

IT is not on the account of Mlle. Jane Burr. This is an affair which has come to happen even before we have heard of this assertive lady. We are, this time, one up on the Americans, as they would express it in their own pungent phrase. As a confidence between ourselves, it is possible to reveal that in the despite of their claim to be ever first we are not infrequently in advance. Certainly, there is much that we can show to them in the matter of divorce. And the Broken Arrow is a part thereof.

WHO is there besides a jeweller of the Rue de la Paix who could have handled the problem with the such delicacy? Not any jeweller of any other capital, one is not too bold to assert. Incorporated in the plan is all the efficiency of the superb craftsmanship and all the imagery of the true artist. Not to mention the element of hope, which is elusive, perhaps, but very real. And the whole scheme is itself simplicity. It is like this.

OBVIOUSLY there is the need for some mark to signalise the state of divorce. The divorce has leaped and bounded on the heights of popularity. Nothing is there which can with it compare. The states of marriage or of courtship have but the insipid savour by the side of the thrills and the palpitations of the divorce. Well, both the *mariage* and the *fiançailles* have their rings, so why not the divorce? Not the sooner mentioned than agreed to.

THE only surprise is that one had not mentioned it before. It is of the most peculiar that the Americans had omitted to bestow a thought in this direction. Because, recently, they have been the principal clients of the divorce courts of Paris. They appear to have altogether abandoned the publicity of Reno for the secrecy of Paris. Mlle. Jane Burr is quite twelve months too late when she comes to preach in favour of the divorce for the asking.

THERE are the wives who have procured the divorces from the husbands who have been still in America, husbands who have expressed the utmost surprise when they have been informed that their wives have been legally detached from them. Some of this surprise may have been feigned. Yet is it none the less possible for persons to be divorced without anyone to know a thing about it until it has been accomplished. With facilities like this there is clearly the opportunity for the inventive jeweller. Thus we come by the ring. And as no ordinary ring could suffice for the such occasion, originates the quest for the suitable symbol.

HAIL Cupid! Rather crestfallen in these cynical days, but ever prepared to figure in the forefront with his inexhaustible quiver of arrows. Even if he has to see them broken. After all, to break the hearts seems not to cause much to do, so there is not any reason to be more sensitive to the breakage of arrows. Thus is Cupid called upon to smash his arrows into two parts, which, affixed to the ring of divorce, proclaim that liberty has been reconquered.

"Liberty has reconquered"

PERHAPS, to Mlle. Jane Burr, such a ring will appear as the "badge of slavery" though the "slavery" shall be at an end. But there are the others to whom it shall appeal greatly. For *les Français* are the fervents of the categories. They love to be in the compartments. And the ring of the Broken Arrow does furnish the opportunity. It has the even greater possibilities. Is it not that it does offer means to make those righted who have been wronged?

"The fault of the concierge"

UP to the present those who have divorced, and those who have been divorced, have been deemed to belong to the same herd. Pathetic badge though it be the ring of the Broken Arrow does afford the escape from this predicament. All that is required is that there shall be imposed a rule that alone the victim shall be entitled to wear the honourable sign. To this end it may be laid down that it is but the tribunal of divorce which can authorise the award of the ring of the Broken Arrow, as a witness of the morality of the bearer.

AND as a punishment of the crime of the guilty one, there ought to be the stipulation that it is the *coupable* who must humbly offer the circlet of honour to the injured one as the sign of repentance and reparation. Such witness to fidelity would be a scene of the most emotional. Romantics and other optimists have, indeed, the hopes of yet more happy endings. Such a ceremony of presentation, so they say, would evoke the recollection of the such sweet souvenirs that a reconciliation would be far from improbable. Often the conclusion might be a request to the jeweller, *fin psychologue*, to solder the broken halves of the arrow. The ring of disunion would become the bond of reunion.

OVER - OPTIMISTIC, *peut-être*, but worth the encouragement. One is all for the romantics in these most sombre days. There is little to be hoped from the cynics, who go to make the drab times seem drabber. Not from them shall we be able to recapture the zest of the years when summer used to come. Incidentally, it shall be remarked that we have the immense grievance against Mr. Hutchinson. All very well is it for him to assure us that "If Winter Comes," Spring cannot be far behind. To us he appears to beg the whole question. "If Winter Stays?" Such is our query. And everybody here would like to know what has Mr. Hutchinson or Mr. Barry Pain to say about that.

AND with the mention of stays and the topsy-turveyness of things you shall realise that we are all awry, what with the attempt of the men to recapture the waist which has been abandoned by the Parisiennes, and with the extent of the confusion among the husband-kind. How these *gigolos* have secured the wasp effect it is not known to us; but for the complications among the husbands, there is the explanation.

WHEN a tempestuous wife has begun to reproach the somnolent one beside her for coming home late and has then had him ejected because he is not the right husband, she has discovered that it is the fault of the *concierge* who has piloted there the first inebriated *locataire* brought home by the police, instead of waiting for the second. Accustomed to such undignified arrivals she had not troubled to waken up, but after the shock she has had to unearth the rightful object of her wrath in the jail.

WE are informed on the highest authority that Mlle. Jane Burr may have, as a present from their wives, either of these husbands or both, to use, if she so wish, as a demonstration of her theories about the futility of husbands. ROLAND

"When the discovery of the truth was made by the wife in the morning."

Photograph *A. W. Fleuer*

CHAMPION BOWLER OF ENGLAND

W. F. Hamilton, of Hexham, won the Singles Championship of Bowls held on the green of the Croydon Club last week. He is here seen playing in the final against C. G. Roach of Plymouth Hoe, whom he beat after a very keen game by 21-16

SPORT *of the* WEEK

As seen by the Camera

Photograph *Sport and General*

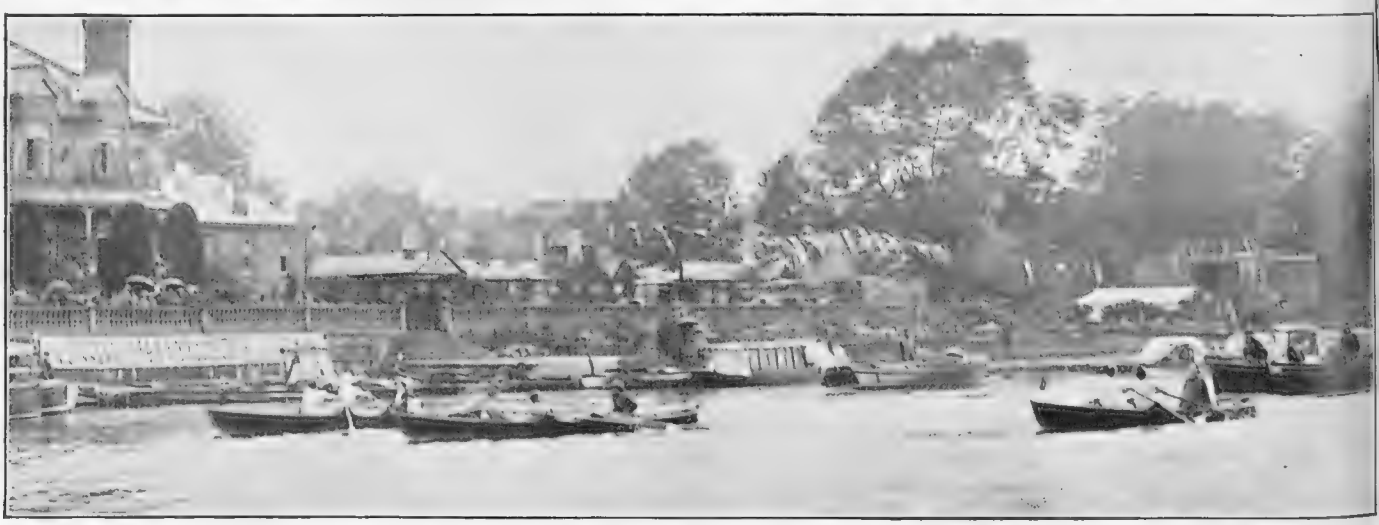
MRS. J. R. SPAETH

Winner of the Ladies' Dinghy Handicap at the Hampton Court and Ditton's regatta. She was handicapped at scratch and in the final easily defeated Mrs. Leigh, who had a start of 5 sec.

Photograph *L. N. A.*

BREAKING AN ARMY RECORD

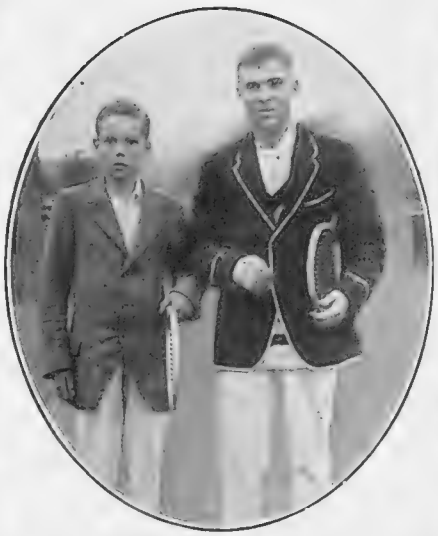
Lieut. A. G. Willis, of the 5th Tank Battalion, winning the high jump at the Army Athletic Championships. His best jump—5ft. 9in.—beat the existing Army record for this event by one inch



Photograph *Sport and General*

A CLOSE FINISH IN THE SENIOR DOUBLE SCULLS

At the Hampton Court and Ditton's regatta, won by B. A. Lansdown and T. G. Taylor, coxed by Mrs. B. Smith, by two feet from J. C. Hopkins and J. W. Tindell, coxed by Miss E. Hopkins. The racing was very keen and there were several other remarkably close finishes



Photographs] LEADING COMPETITORS IN THE SCHOOLBOYS' LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT AT QUEEN'S CLUB *[Sport and General*

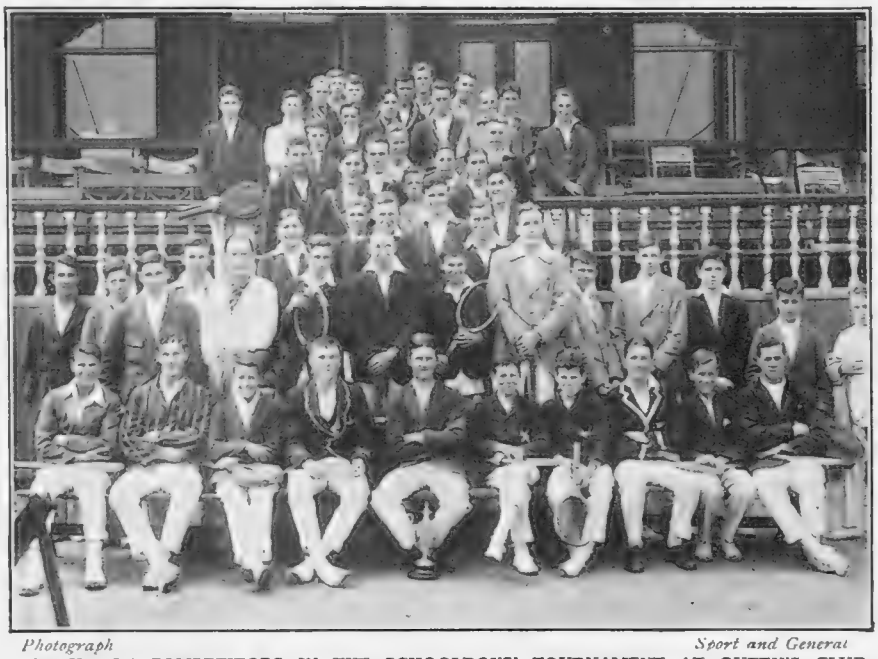
N. H. LATCHFORD, (U.C.S.)
Who was second to H. K. Lester in the Senior Singles after an exciting match in which Latchford was several times within one point of victory and was somewhat unlucky to lose; he had cramp towards the finish

THE CHARTERHOUSE PAIR
G. S. and C. G. Fletcher (left), who won the doubles, beating Eastbourne, the holders, R. E. Frearson and C. E. W. Mackintosh, in the final. The younger brother also won the Junior Singles; he was the "pocket marvel" of the meeting

H. K. LESTER (The Leys)
Winner of the Senior Singles after a fine match with N. H. Latchford. He was runner up last year to C. E. J. Evers (who is now no longer eligible to compete), and is altogether a most promising young player

Photograph *L. N. A.*

Q.M.S.I. G. C. MACEY
Of the Army School of Physical Training, winning the pole jump at the Army Athletic Championships



Photograph *Sport and General*

A GROUP OF COMPETITORS IN THE SCHOOLBOYS' TOURNAMENT AT QUEEN'S CLUB
There was a lot of rain on the first two days of the meeting, but the last three, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday last, were fine, and the boys enjoyed themselves thoroughly. An article on the tournament appears on page 398

Photograph *L. N. A.*

THE FINISH OF THE HUNDRED YARDS
At the Army Athletic Championships. Capt. W. H. Anderson (2nd Batt. The Loyal Regiment), is seen winning by 2 ft. from O-R.Q.M.S. E. B. Abbey (1st Batt. Scots Guards). His time was 10 4-5 sec.

"The Three Castles"
Virginia Cigarettes
THE CIGARETTE WITH THE PEDIGREE

Writing to the Duchess of Richmond Captain John Smith said how "in the utmost of many extremities, that blessed Pocahontas the great king's daughter of Virginia saved my life" and to "Princesse Queene Anne of Great Brittanie" he explained how "she hazarded the beating out of her owne braines to save mine." Generous & noble soul whose beauty & kindliness captivated all who knew you! An indifferent simile & yet 'tis true that what you were to those early Colonists the Tobacco of your land is to me – it's Food if I'm hungry, Cordial if I'm sad, and in any extremity the "Three Castles" Brand will soothe and enlighten me.

W.D. & H.O. WILLS,
BRISTOL & LONDON,
ENGLAND.

"There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia and no Better Brand than the — "THREE CASTLES".
W.M. Thackeray "The Virginians"

T.C.15

This Advertisement is issued by the Imperial Tobacco Company (Of Great Britain & Ireland), Limited for the United Kingdom of Great Britain & Ireland and by the British-American Tobacco Company, Limited for export.

The Art of Idleness

By Blanchette. *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

"Just idleness"

SOMEWHERE-IN-THE-SOUTH,
August 21

DEAR COUSIN—

QUITE a bit of an art it is, you know, being idle. Really, properly idle, I mean. Rather rarish sort of accomplishment, too, 'parently, to judge by lots and lots of the people you meet who *think* they're having holidays.

ALL bustle and fuss, they are. And really working all the time, though they don't know it. Like the four golfers who are staying here. Swallow a hasty breakfast before anyone else is down. Pop into a car 'bout two minutes after. Never even glance at the glorious sparkling sea or the lovely river as they rush by to the links. Gen'lly lunch at the club-house, do their three rounds, and talk 'em over when they're back at last for a late dinner. And they're quite nicish *young* men, too. Does seem *such* a sad and norful waste.

AND then there's the Smiths of Surbiton. That's what we call them, anyway, though there's really a Jones family, too, having "holidays" with 'em—nine all told. And all sit together at a big table—two mothers, two fathers, and offsprings (male and female) from sixteen upwards. Don't know whether it's the Smiths or the Joneses who own the Rolls-Ford two-seater, but, anyway, that's part of the party. And very 'portant part, too.

"WELL, what are we going to do this morning, Dad?" says "Mum" Smith very moment they sit down to breakfast. (Think *they* really must be the owners of "the car," come to think of it, by the way they sort of run things.) So Dad fixes up right away that he and Norman and Gladys and Elsie'll go off fishing, and the rest to bathe, precise starting-times named in each case. And half-way through lunch—"we don't want to waste time hanging about, so mind you're all ready to start at two," etc., etc.

AND there's millions more like that. Simply don't seem to know how to be idle and do the *dolce far niente* touch and all that sort of thing. And, d'you know, somehow—though, of course, they're awfully nice people, really, I'm sure, and 've got kind hearts and make fearfully good husbands, or wives, as the case may be, and always wipe their feet on the mat and pat the dog and stroke the cat and put the right amount of stamps on the letters every time—oh, *mon Dieu*, somehow they do manage to be most frightfully, terribly, and inexpressibly damping and depressing.

"We don't want to waste time hanging about"

HOW *is* it done? And *how* weak it is of one to be so influenced by the superior (and utterly useless) energy of others, when you know they're all wrong and you're all right, only you can't put a name to it exactly, *comme on dit*. . . . But never mind. Let us off to the river quickly, for a little real peace and quiet and proper idleness.

FOR you know, as Rupert Brooke put it, that dear boy who died for us in the now all but forgotten Great War—

There's peace and holy quiet there. . . .
A bosky wood, a slumbrous stream,
And little kindly winds that creep
Round twilight corners half asleep.

And, oh! the lovely,

"THE ART OF IDLENESS" (*concluded*)

comforting, restful soft sensation of it all—

To smell the thrilling—sweet and rotten,
Unforgettable, unforgotten
River smell, and hear the breeze
Throbbing in the little trees.

Not that the river's been our only joy these strange, curious, unfamiliar, topsy-turvy sort of weeks that we've been spending here in our quest of that ideal of all the Right People, the true and genuine Real Idleness. Which doesn't in the very least mean doing nothing at all, not by any sort of means. 'N fact, have been leading a fearfully and 'straordinarily active open-air life these days, we have—bathing and bicycling to all sorts of nice tea-parties at all sorts of nice spots. And playing infantile golf, and rag lawn tennis, and bumblepuppy bridge, and all the rest of the lovely silly things we *do* do when we're on a perfectly reckless and irresponsible holiday by the side of the silvery sea—what?

And even dallying about doing nothing at all—at least that's what the Smiths of Surbiton would call it. . . .

My idle hands and fingers brown
Played with the pebbles grey;
The waves came up, the waves went down,
Most thundering and gay.

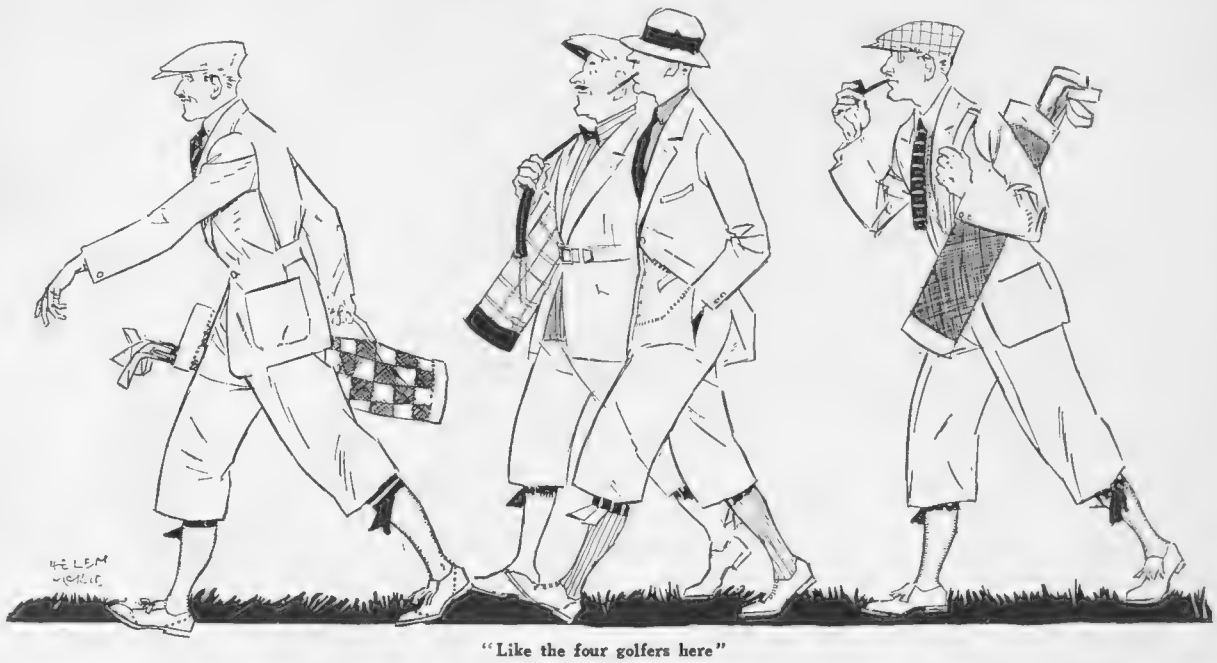
As one of the quite eminent poets put it. Seems a bit of a silly ass, doesn't he? Or, anyway, I'm quite sure the Surbiton Smiths'd think so. . . .

Odd, though, isn't it, how this sort of holiday life seems positively to go to your head, as you might say? Quite the simplest of simple lives, and yet you're calmly and coolly prepared (not being a Smith or Jones) to do the utterly maddest things while the fit's on you, so to speak. Such as, f'rinstance, dance on the lawn about 1 a.m. to the strains of a far from first-class gramophone.

And very prob'ly in bathing things. And very possibly go and have a swim in 'em afterwards, when the tumult and the shouting dies—or 'n other words, the last needle in the gramophone's given out, and you feel you'd simply die on the spot, you're so thoroughly warmed through and through, if you didn't plunge right away, fairly *sizzling*, into the sea.

And oh, those moonlight bathes! S'pose they must be very immoral, 'cos they do seem to wipe out utterly all one's old, ordinary ideas of This and That, as Omar Khayyam puts it. Feel very Omar-y myself, I must confess, as I float on my back under a golden August moon, with the sea softly swaying all around, and only the distant ripple of the waves on the beach and the faint, far-off, barking of Jinks, the wire-haired (who's guarding my clothes), to remind one that there *is* such a thing as land still somewhere in the offing.

But, after all, bathing isn't the *only* rapture to be snatched from the sort of simple-life holiday your Blanchette's enjoying—even if it is, p'raps, almost the richest and completest and cleanest. Lots of other ones, just as amusing and equally 'citin'. Such as, *par exemple*, sailing. Is there really any sensation to compare with the swishing sweep of your sailing canoe, or whatever it is—doesn't matter so long as it isn't *too* big and important—as it answers to the helm (isn't that what they call it?) and goes swirling along, with the water fairly bubbling under the bows while you tack and tack and tack again and all the rest of it?



"Like the four golfers here"

Hear London's still quite full of American visitors, by the way. Big U.S. gas king at the Savoy, for one, with wife and party, also four royal suites and three cars in attendance. Do hope they'll enjoy their holiday. Not sure the Americans are very good at it, you know. They aren't exactly experts at the art of being idle, are they? But, then, they don't *know* any better, so I 'spect they're (like the Smiths and Jones's) really quite, quite happy all the same—what?

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

To H.M. THE KING

BY APPOINTMENT

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

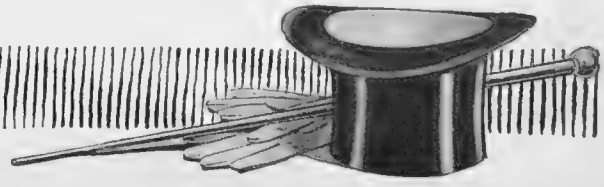
Every man has his pet pride. It may be his horses, his kennels, his putting, his swing, his voice, his figure, his dancing, his conversational powers, or his hard-headedness. But behind it all there is the pride of person. And where there is pride of person there is a

Lincoln Bennett

LINCOLN BENNETT —& Co— Sackville Street PICCADILLY LONDON. TRADE MARK.

The price of Tweed Hats and Caps is determined not only by the quality of materials used but also by the workmanship. Each Lincoln Bennett Tweed Hat or Cap is hand-cut and tailored individually.

Supplied by the Best Hatters throughout the Kingdom. The names of those in your district on request.



The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

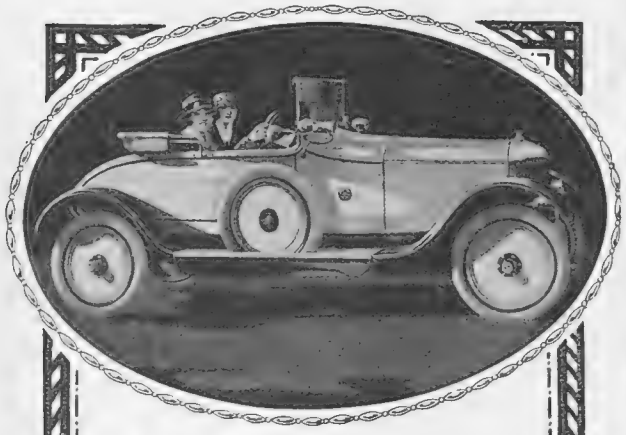
WITH a typically Leacockian preface the Professor of Political Economy at the University of Montreal introduces Mr. Robert Benchley, the author of *Of All Things* (Lane: 6*s.* net), to an English audience. The collection of short papers here gathered together is itself Leacockian. Mr. Benchley is certainly a genuine humorist, who obtains his effects like a true artist. He reminds you of an accomplished after-dinner speaker, quipping and jesting with a face most admirably solemn. His highly scientific essay, for instance, on the Social Life of the Newt, can only have been omitted from the new *Outline of Science* by a bad error of judgment. Probably no one else in the world, except, perhaps, Professor Leacock himself, has given so close a study to these entertaining little fellows. And it is surprising to find that our horticultural papers have yet to discover Mr. Benchley's genius. He writes, as every unbiassed gardener will admit, as a master. Moreover, of his scholarship there can be not a doubt. He has not only obviously read through the entire *Encyclopædia Britannica*, but has reduced its contents to a few thousand words. All of which means to say that *Of All Things* (which is illustrated, by the way, quaintly enough, by Gluyas Williams), is one of the jolliest of holiday books.

⁂

MR. JOHN LANE also "presents" another humorist to your notice in Mr. R. G. Hooper, the "Simple Simon" of *Eve. AND the Next* (Lane: 6*s.* net) lacks the delicacy of Mr. Benchley's work, and relies now and again on various little tricks which may not suit everybody's taste. Mr. Hooper does not even disdain the common or garden pun. But there are plenty of chuckles to be obtained from his book. Incidentally, it is interesting to note that several of Mr. Benchley's subjects also come in for Mr. Hooper's benevolent consideration. Both gentlemen, for instance, write on motor-cars and encyclopædias. Mr. Benchley's monograph on newts is paralleled by Mr. Hooper's possibly biassed paper on wasps. But Mr. Hooper ventures into fields which Mr. Benchley (in his book, at any rate) leaves alone; he gives us "The Blood of the Blastworths," a Christmas Magazine Story which is here printed for the first (and possibly the last) time—with appropriate comments.

⁂

THE artistic temperament has a lot to answer for, but it can be most useful at times, especially to a high-spirited novelist like Mr. John Palmer when he sets out to write a new story. *The Happy Fool* (Christophers: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) is one Guy Reval, who, if he appears neither particularly happy nor particularly foolish, makes a most admirable hero for a novel. Yet at Oxford, perhaps, he really is foolish. He borrows a hansom-cab, and mounting the box drives away to romance. And romance, in the person of Sabina, whose correct name we don't learn, leads to marriage No. 1. Sabina is of the people, and suspicious of his family; jealous, too, of her husband's nice Cousin Marian, whom he ought to have married. But Sabina dies, and marriage No. 2 can take place. And then—no matter. Mr. Palmer treats of serious things in an almost frolicsome manner, with the result that he gives us a book very clearly out of the ordinary and interesting throughout. Reval might easily have become exasperating in less skilled hands; as it is, you are sorry and can sympathise when affairs do not go very well. I can heartily recommend the book. R. S.



My Lady's Choice

BECAUSE it is the car which gives no trouble, either on the road or in the garage. Its absolute dependability, comfort, perfect suspension, ease of driving, and protection from adverse weather conditions, are just a few of the reasons for its popularity.

The AC LIGHT CAR
Worth more than any other

Full range of models always on view.
Prices from
£395

AUTO-CARRIERS LIMITED,
(S. F. EDGE—Governing Director)
'Phone: Langham 1403. 288, Regent St., Oxford Circus London, W.1, England. Works: Thames Ditton.
Address of nearest Agent on request.

NATURE'S MIXTURE
of
PETROL & BENZOL

Many motorists prefer running on a mixture of petrol and benzol to using either spirit separately. "Shell" is ***Nature's*** mixture of petrol and benzol, perfectly combining the rapid vaporising qualities of the best petroi with the non-pinking quality of benzol. "Shell" Motor Spirit, ALONE OF ALL PETROLS, was extensively used during the war, ***in precisely the same way as benzol,*** for the production of those particular aromatic hydro-carbons which form the base of T.N.T. and other high explosives, hence its greater mileage and power and non-pinking quality.

SHELL

To ensure the best running, use Shell Spirit and SHELL Motor Lubricating OIL.

SHELL-MEX, LTD.
Shell Corner, Kingsway, W.C.2

S 25

Ask
for the test

We send to every home that asks a 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent.

Send the coupon for your family's sake, then watch the delightful effects.

Beauty Without Grit

Without any harm to the teeth

Don't try to whiten teeth with grit that scratches the enamel. That's harmful. Use a soft polishing agent—the Pepsodent agent. Then combat the dingy film twice daily in this new effective way.

That's what millions of people the world over are doing, largely by dental advice. Look about you and see the beautiful teeth that result.

Clouded by film

Teeth are clouded by a film. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays there. Stains enter it, then the film, if left, forms the basis of dingy coats. That's why teeth lose lustre. Film is also the basis of tartar.

Most tooth troubles have a potential origin in film. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth, and the acid may cause decay.

Stays on teeth

Under old methods, much of that film remained on teeth. It made teeth cloudy. Night and day it was unceasing in effect. Many brushed teeth discolour and decay. Tooth troubles have been constantly increasing.

Now dental science, after long research, has found two film combatants. Able authorities have proved their efficiency. Now leading dentists almost the world over are urging their daily use.

A new-type tooth paste has been created, based on five modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent. These two great film combatants are embodied in it for daily application.

Old ways wrong

Pepsodent also aids Nature in two essential ways. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth before they ferment and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for the acids as they form.

Every use of Pepsodent thus gives manifold power to Nature's great tooth-protecting agents. Old-time tooth pastes had the opposite effect. They reduced mouth alkalinity, reduced the starch digestant with every application. That was due to their soap and chalk.

We urge you to see and feel these effects, then judge how much they mean.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Watch these delightful effects for a few days and you will always want them. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent TRADE MARK

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific way to bring five effects which authorities desire. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere.

South African distributors: VERRINDER, Ltd., P.O. Box 6824 Johannesburg, to whom South African residents may send coupon.

903

10-DAY TUBE FREE

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
(Dept. 153), 40, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. 1.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to—

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Give full address. Write plainly.
Only one tube to a family.

The Bystander, 23/8/1922

MOTOR-NOTES

IT is to the credit of the motor trade that they are quick to discover the ever-changing desires of the motoring public in regard to the type of vehicle best suited for their pockets. We have seen them produce very big cars and then very small ones. To-day they produce moderate-powered vehicles in greater numbers because the great bulk of motorists cannot afford to buy too expensive carriages. At the same time, it is a carriage and not merely a car that is the present need. So the all-weather coachwork fitted upon comparatively low-powered chassis is the means adopted to give the public what they want for the moment. But the general style of these all-weather productions has only been equipped with two doors for the passengers to get in or out of the vehicle. Consequently, one or more of the passengers has had to be disturbed in order that another can get in or out unless actually sitting near one of the doors.

* * *

NOW this disadvantage has come about because, owing to limitations of construction, it has always had to be a two-door carriage. Dealers have lost orders on this account, so it is welcome news that at last the four-door all-weather type has arrived. This is a patent design made by Gwynne, and the Gwynne four-door all-weather body provides all the comfort of the limousine in bad weather, together with the advantages of the open touring car. I saw one last week on an 11·9 h.p. Albert chassis; in fact, sat in it, and it gives plenty of room for its four passengers, with its four doors and windows lifting up and down at will, together with a wonderful leather cloth-lined hood or head that not only can be raised or lowered by one individual, but has its side pillars folding away with the head when not in use, yet automatically fix themselves firmly in place as the head is raised to transform the open touring car into a complete limousine. It is so constructed that rattles are an impossibility, yet weighs only 15 lbs. more than the ordinary torpedo with the ordinary hood. Nice in appearance, ingenious in its design, this new Gwynne all-weather four-door carriage is the most useful and serviceable type of motor carriage yet placed on the market. I can prophesy a most successful career for it, as it gives complete comfort at a low first cost.

A STIFF ASCENT

The "Austin Twenty" at the Shelsley Walsh hill climb of the Midland Automobile Club

* * *

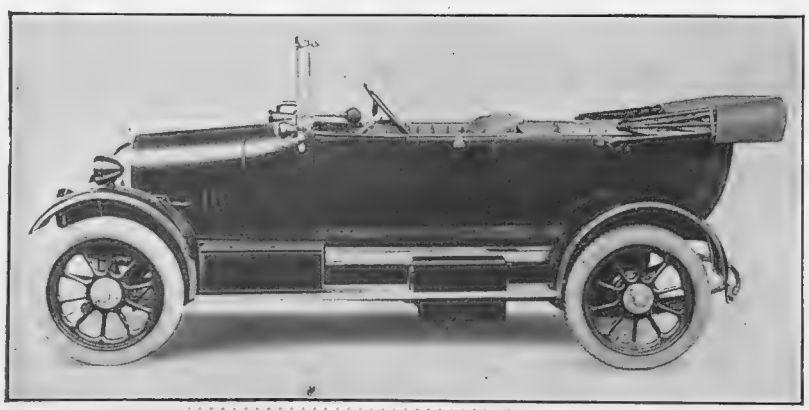
THERE is a great improvement in cars generally at the moment, due, no doubt, to manufacturers at last realising the general public really knows sufficient about motors to make it more particular as to what it buys. Take the new 11·9 h.p. Bean, for instance. When I first tested this make it was the woolliest of the woolly, rough and coarse, though I must say the two-seater body was smart-looking and comfortable. To-day the 11.9 h.p. Bean is a horse of another colour in its qualities. Something happens now when you put your foot down, as I discovered in a four-seater Bean that was lent to me last week. I think about forty miles an hour is its limit in speed, which is plenty, but it does travel up to thirty miles an hour in a jiffy, and that is what a driver wants to get out of tight corners, quick acceleration. After twenty-five or twenty-seven miles an hour the engine lets you know it's there to the professional ear, but it is only that ultra critic who would raise the question, and, moreover, would do so in nine out of ten cars of this size of whatever make he was driving. Yes, the present 11.9 h.p. Bean is excellent value at its price as a family car, for the springing is good, it climbs any hill that one meets on the road in comfort, the bodywork is excellent, so that I am not in the least surprised that in the recent Midland Car Club's trial from Birmingham to Holyhead and back Mr. Harold Goodwin won the cup presented by the late Mr. P. J. Evans for the best performance in the class for standard touring cars of over 1,600 cc., driving his 11·9 h.p. Bean.

* * *

TO-DAY'S motoring event, of course, is the Southsea Carnival, for which there are between 110 and 120 entries for the many events. I hope the weather will prove auspicious, as if this is the success I expect it will be, no doubt we shall find other seaside pleasure resorts doing something to attract motorists and sporting folk generally to their towns, as well as giving a novel form of entertainment to their usual visitors, who must get bored at the everlasting round of music on the pier—Folly pierrots—an occasional regatta, or otherwise city entertainments as at their homes. But for the bathing, fishing, and boating, which older folk can only indulge in moderately, there is only the air that recompenses one for its high cost to breathe it. Oh, yes, motor carnivals seem a bright idea to try and get our English watering-places a bit out of their ordinary rut. I wish one or two of them would import a casino and let us play a bit in the dull weather at the "little horses," or some other simple game, for nuts. I expect we shall find Ireland doing something in that way when she settles down.

* * *

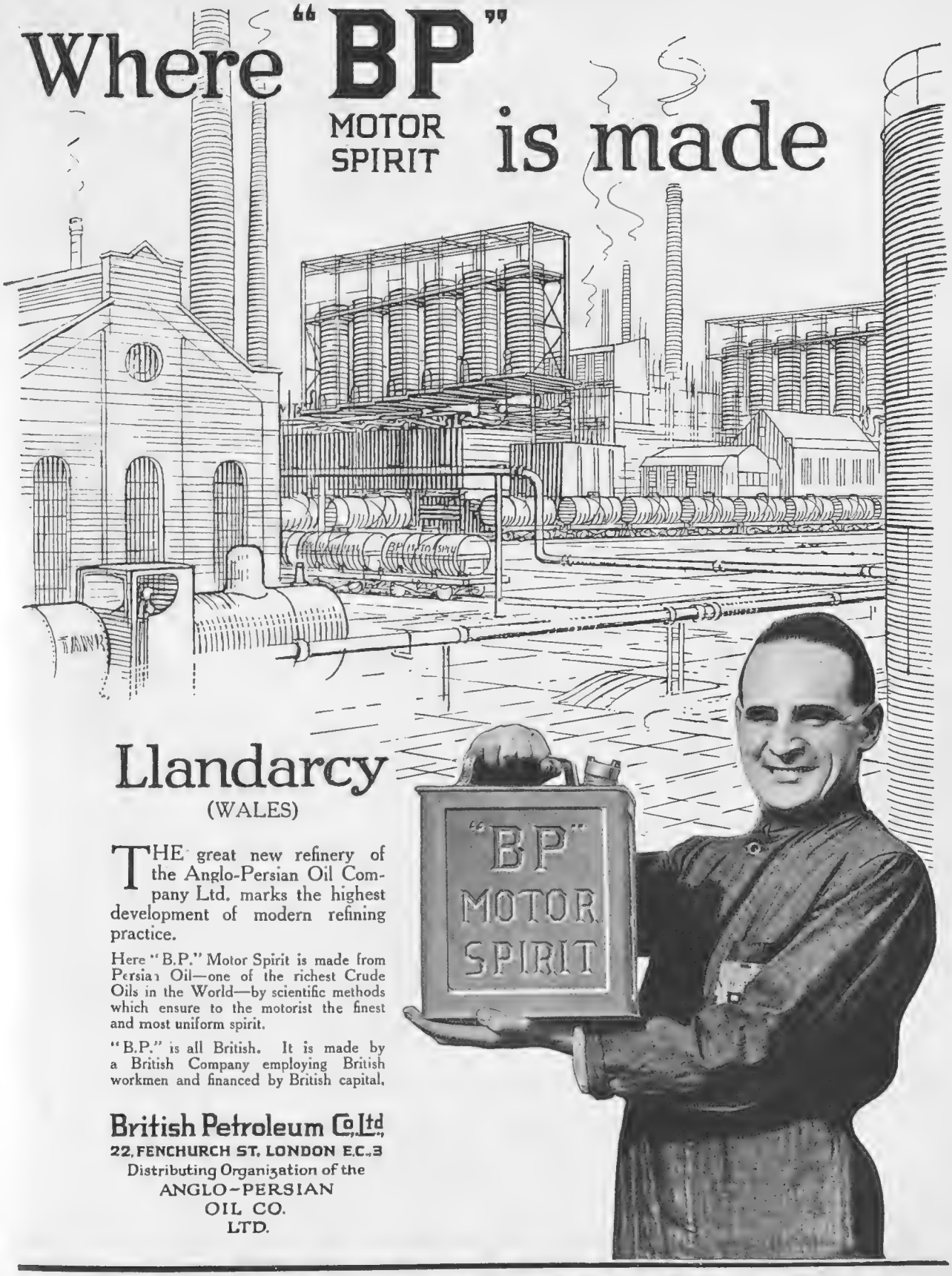
MANY thousands of motorists will deeply deplore the tragic end of Mr. P. J. Evans, of Birmingham, who was one of the passengers in the French 'plane that crashed near Strasbourg recently. Dear "P. J.," as his friends always called him, was always merry and bright, which undoubtedly added to his popularity and business success as a motor-trader in the Midlands. I offer Mrs. Evans my deep sympathy in her loss. I mourn for a friend. OLD HY.



THE ALL-WEATHER MORRIS-OXFORD CAR

The latest model of the 11·9 h.p. Morris-Oxford, which, with its hood down, is actually an ordinary touring car

Where "BP" MOTOR SPIRIT is made



Llandarcy
(WALES)

THE great new refinery of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company Ltd. marks the highest development of modern refining practice.

Here "B.P." Motor Spirit is made from Persian Oil—one of the richest Crude Oils in the World—by scientific methods which ensure to the motorist the finest and most uniform spirit.

"B.P." is all British. It is made by a British Company employing British workmen and financed by British capital.

British Petroleum Co. Ltd
22, FENCHURCH ST. LONDON E.C.3
Distributing Organization of the
ANGLO-PERSIAN
OIL CO.
LTD.

The "Best Possible" is the Best Persian

The ROWE Sailor Overcoat for your child

Correct in cut— Perfect in finish

We have dressed the sons and daughters of Gentlemen for 60 years.

BOY'S REEFER.
A mid-season Coat, but often worn in the heavier serges and nap, as affording more liberty of action than the Overcoat.
Light & Medium Weight Serge from **45/-**
Heavy Pilot **55/-** Curled Nap **63/-**

THE Rowe Overcoat, for wear with the Rowe Sailor Suit, is absolutely correct in every detail and accurately represents the uniform of the British Navy adapted to the needs of boys and girls.

Rowe Sailor Overcoats and Reefers are made in many weights and materials—from light tropical to heavy nap, with black or gilt buttons as desired. They are substantial, sturdy garments, which give protection from cold and inclement weather, yet afford ample freedom of movement.

All Rowe materials are of the very finest quality, and every article of clothing has that wonderful finish which has always been associated with the name of Rowe.

May we send you our illustrated list of every requirement for the Sailor Boy or Girl?

UNIFORM OVERCOAT.
A substantial, sturdy garment for inclement weather.
Real Naval Serge **50/-**
Indigo Curled Nap **75/-**

GIRL'S UNIFORM COAT.
Of fine proportions.
Cheviot Serge **55/-**
Indigo Curled Nap **75/-**

GIRL'S OR BOY'S OVERCOAT.
Made in all weights from Light Tropical Serge to the heavy nap. Black or Gilt Buttons. From **50/-**

By Appointment to H.M. The King. H.M. The Queen; H.M. The Queen of Norway; H.R.H. The (late) Crown Princess of Sweden.

WM ROWE & CO LTD

BOYS & GIRLS TAILORS AND COMPLETE SCHOOL OUTFITTERS

105-106, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

and at GOSPORT

C.F.H.

THE
BYSTANDER

No. 977.—Vol. LXXV. Wednesday, August 23. 1922

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Telephone: Gerrard 37.
Telegrams: "Selanlet, Piccy, London."

HAMPTON & SONS,
20, ST. JAMES' SQUARE, S.W.1.

Branch Office: WIMBLEDON COMMON, S.W. 19.
Telephone: Wimbledon 80.

FOR SALE. PRICE £3,500. HERTS.

Amidst pretty country about 30 minutes from the City.

A CHARMING TUDOR COTTAGE, containing: panelled drawing room 30ft. by 14ft. 6in., dining room 18ft. by 13ft. 6in., with oak beams, sitting room 24ft. by 13ft. 6in., 5 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.

Large garage. Stabling. Outbuildings.

BETWEEN 4 AND 5 ACRES,

with tennis lawn, flower and kitchen garden, orchard, etc.

Electric light throughout the house, garage, etc.

Central heating, Company's water.—Full details of

HAMPTON and SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W. 1. (R. 816)

GENTLEMAN'S MODERATE-SIZED RESIDENCE.

Delightfully situated in favourite part of

SURREY.

400 ft. up. Magnificent views. Near golf.

FOR SALE, FREEHOLD.—Lounge hall, 3 reception, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 baths; well planned; every modern convenience and labour-saving contrivance; south-east aspect.

Delightful Pleasure Grounds.

Tennis and other lawns, well-stocked kitchen garden, etc., about 1¼ acres in all.

Strongly recommended by

HAMPTON and SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W. 1. (S.22,754.)

KENT. Near Maidstone.

In old-world village, with motor service to the town.

Very moderate rent. No premium required.

THIS interesting and beautifully placed OLD-FASHIONED BLACK AND WHITE RESIDENCE. In excellent order throughout, with modern comforts. Valuable fine oak panelling.

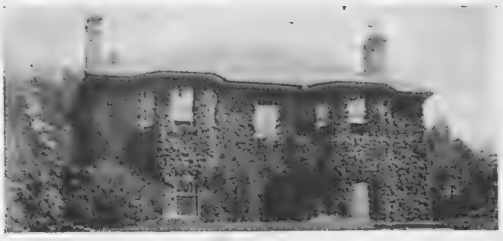
Spacious reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, light and complete offices.

Delightful pleasure grounds—inexpensive to maintain,

YET A GREAT FEATURE.

Garage and Cottage. Highly recommended from personal knowledge.

HAMPTON and SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W. 1.



Between 300 and 400 ft. above the sea.

WARLINGHAM.

Close to the Golf Course.

THIS VERY ATTRACTIVE COUNTRY RESIDENCE, on 2 floors only. Contains: hall, 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, usual offices.

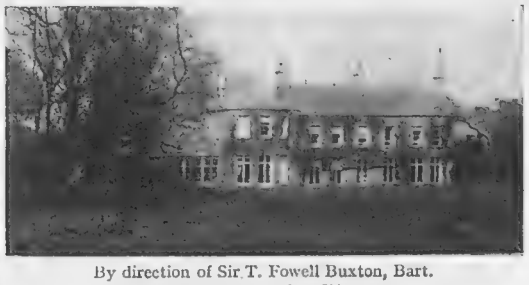
COMPANY'S WATER.

Nice grounds of about 1 acre, prettily laid out, and comprising tennis court, kitchen garden, fruit trees, etc; accommodation for small car.

PRICE, FREEHOLD, £2,850.

For particulars and order to view, apply—

HAMPTON and SONS. 20, St. James' Square, S.W. 1. (S.33,543a.)



By direction of Sir T. Fowell Buxton, Bart.

NORFOLK COAST.

Within easy distance from the 2 stations, beach, and golf links.

THE VALUABLE FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, "COLNE HOUSE," CROMER. Replete with modern conveniences.

Carriage drive, lounge hall, 5 reception rooms, 12 best bed and dressing rooms, 3 nurseries, and 7 attic bedrooms, bathroom, offices; stabling; garage, with man's room over and other outbuildings; electric light, gas; water; main drainage; delightful grounds and grassland, in all about

6½ ACRES. WITH VACANT POSSESSION.

To be SOLD by AUCTION at the Lecture Hall, Cromer, on Wednesday, 30th August, at 2.30 p.m., in conjunction with Messrs. LIMMERS (unless previously sold).

Solicitors: Messrs. HANSELLS and HALES, Church Street, Cromer.

Particulars and conditions from Auctioneers: Messrs. LIMMERS, Cromer and Sheringham, and

HAMPTON and SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W. 1

SHROPSHIRE.

In a good HUNTING CENTRE, but very convenient for BIRMINGHAM, KIDDERMINSTER, SHREWSBURY, and the MIDLANDS.

OWNER GOING ABROAD.

ONLY £6,000 is asked for a very Charming PROPERTY of about 20 ACRES, with Old English Manor-type Residence, 300ft. up, containing: 14 bed and dressing, 2 bath, and 3 reception rooms, billiard lounge, etc., and having electric light installed; together with capital STABLING and usual amenities.

Agents,

HAMPTON and SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W. 1. (W. 10,507.)

Telegrams: "Everything, London" **HARRODS (LTD.)** Telephones: Western 1 (85 lines). Byfleet 149.

ESTATE AGENTS BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.; and Byfleet. AUCTIONEERS

LEITH AND HOLMBURY HILLS.

Grand situation, 550ft. above sea. Beautiful surroundings.

30 miles from London.

PICTURESQUE MODERN RESIDENCE, designed by eminent architect, and containing: entrance and lounge halls, 3 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and adequate domestic offices.

CO.'S WATER. MODERN DRAINAGE. GRAVEL SOIL. GARAGE.

FINELY TIMBERED GROUNDS,

herbaceous borders, pergolas, tennis lawn, rock and fruit garden, etc.; in all 4 ACRES.

MORE LAND CAN BE HAD.

PRICE, FREEHOLD, ONLY £5,500.

—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W. 1.

BEAUTIFUL DISTRICT IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND.

Between HEREFORD and GLOUCESTER; 500ft. up; splendid views.

DESIRABLE FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, occupying a high and healthy position convenient to stations, post office, and shops: hall, 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, and excellent offices; good water supply; modern sanitation; cottage; stabling and garage; outbuildings; beautifully matured pleasure grounds, including tennis lawn, herbaceous borders, productive kitchen garden with fruit trees, orchard and meadow land, in all about 7 acres.

LOW PRICE OF £2,500, or Offer.

—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W. 1.

KENT.

Delightful part of the County; within 24 miles of London; about 600ft. above sea level.

IDEAL BIJOU COUNTRY HOUSE, with small farm, in good order throughout: hall, 2 or 3 reception, 6 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and usual offices; modern drainage; acetylene gas; Company's water; telephone; well-arranged farmery, commodious cattle houses, etc.

BEAUTIFULLY LAID-OUT GROUNDS with lawn, kitchen garden, fruit trees, extending to about 3 acres. The land is in good heart and comprises 33 acres of pasture, 22 acres of arable, 10 acres of woodlands; the total area being about

68 ACRES. PRICE, FREEHOLD, £3,750

INSPECTED AND RECOMMENDED.

—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W. 1.

5 MINUTES FROM RIVER AND NEAR STATION.

1 HOUR FROM TOWN ON G.W.R.

£1,650. FREEHOLD.

WELL-BUILT OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE, with walled garden, garage, etc.: 6 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, and offices; all rooms bright and lofty; gas and water laid on; good garden, with fruit and kitchen garden; immediate possession.

—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W. 1.

BISHOPS STORTFORD (Near).

TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED. NO PREMIUM.

SUBSTANTIALLY-BUILT AND WELL-APPOINTED COUNTRY RESIDENCE, facing south, and occupying a secluded position, amid rural surroundings: hall, 4 reception, billiard room, conservatory, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and complete domestic offices.

Modern drainage. Excellent water supply. Electric light. Telephone.

Large coachhouse with 4-roomed flat over; stabling, garage.

Well-matured pleasure grounds, including tennis and croquet lawns, flower gardens, fruit trees, etc., in all about

2 ACRES.

Shooting over 80 acres could be had if desired.

—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W. 1.

Made in Twenty-four Beautiful Shades

Navy Blue	*Purple*
Light Navy	*Old Gold*
Saxe Blue	*Grey*
Royal Blue	*Black*
Pale Blue	*Geranium Red*
Shell Pink	*Pillar Box Red*
Salmon Pink	*Nigger Brown*
Old Rose	*Tabac Brown*
Rust Red	*Daffodil Yellow*
Reseda	*Tangerine*
Lilac	*Grass Green*
Wine	*Jade Green*

Colour Hint No. 2.

The brunette looks well in warm rich shades such as browns, deep blues, reds, wine or purple—shell pink and grey are also becoming to the dark-haired daughter of Eve. Twink provides all these colours in their most artistic and harmonious shades.

Twink *will make your dress more becoming*

THE dark-haired lady is doubly bewitching when she wears those Twink colours which give added beauty and fascination to the gloss of her hair, her fresh complexion or skin of clear olive. It's such a simple matter to have frocks in the colours that suit you—*Twink them!*

You need not have a single faded frock, or one in a colour you don't like; Twink is so easy and economical. Twink your frocks, blouses, jumpers, and sports coats—keep them new, fresh and becoming.

PRICE 7½D. PER PACKET.

Of all Chemists, Grocers, Stores, Oilmen, Chandlers, etc.

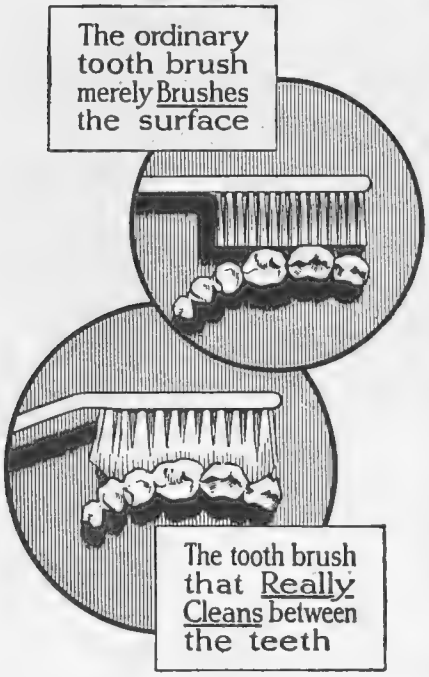
LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

Tw 49—34

Twink

CLEANS AND DYES AT THE SAME TIME

Insist on the genuine
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC
sold only in a
YELLOW
Box



The shape of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush fits your jaw—the shape of the bristles fits your teeth. The big end tuft of the brush goes even to the back of the back teeth. The Pro-phy-lac-tic is the only brush that penetrates to every crevice of your teeth, leaves every nook and cranny really clean. *Ask your dentist.*

Pro-phy-lac-tic
Tooth Brush

GENUINE only in YELLOW Box

Surface brushing cannot prevent your teeth from decaying—thus ruining your appearance and health. Use the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush that cleans all corners of the teeth.

"A clean tooth never decays"

In hard, medium, or soft bristles—one quality only — always in the sanitary YELLOW Box—2/6. At all Chemists, Stores, etc., or, if any difficulty, sent post free on receipt of price.

If your Pro-phy-lac-tic fails to give the service you think it should, return it to us, and we will send you a

New Brush Free

paying the postage both ways.

Write for a free copy of "TOOTH TRUTHS"

WILLIAM E. PECK & CO., Inc., 31, Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1 8

Manufactured by Florence Mfg. Co., Mass., U.S.A.

FOSTER CLARK'S

IT'S THE CREAMIEST CUSTARD and this delightful quality is what makes it such an improvement on the ordinary custard. Delicious, tempting, economical, easily prepared, it makes an ideal dish with the fruits of the season. Try a package to-day.

Reduced Prices: Family Tins 11½d. Family Packets 9½d., Small Packets 4d. 1½d & 1d.

CREAM CUSTARD

Amateur Photographers

Send 1/- P.O. to Martin he will Develop and Print your V.P.K. or 2 Brownie. Best results. No waiting. Price list for other sizes and Enlargements free.

Dept. B1, Martin, Chemist, Southampton

Storage Batteries

For House Lighting Plants.

THE Chloride ELECTRICAL STORAGE COMPANY LIMITED.

Clifton Junction, nr. Manchester. 57, Victoria St. London S.W.1.

VIA NEWHAVEN & DIEPPE.

TWO EXPRESS SERVICES DAILY, From Victoria (Brighton Railway) 10.0 a.m. and 8.20 p.m.

TO PARIS, NORMANDY,

Brittany, Loire Valley, Pyrenees, Savoy, French Alps, and all parts of France;

SWITZERLAND, ITALY.

24 TO 25-KNOT STEAMERS CROSSING CHANNEL IN 2¾ HOURS.

1-15 Days Excursion to PARIS, Sept. 1st and 2nd. DIEPPE RACES, Aug. 24th, 29th, 31st, Sept. 2nd and 3rd.

Details of Continental Traffic Agent, Brighton Railway, Victoria, S.W.1.

THE BRITISH BERKEFELD

SARDINIA HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.

FILTER

SUIT 45/-; O'COAT 35/-; LADY'S COSTUME 50/-

TURNED

and Re-Tailored "Just like New" by the Original and Leading Turn Clothes Tailors.

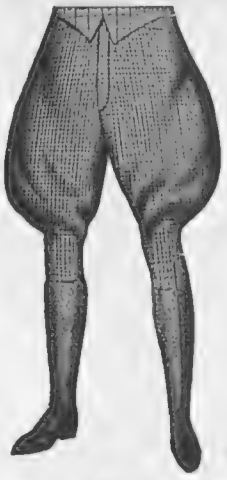
Send along at once. Carriage Paid One Way.

WALTER CURRALL & CO. 6, Broadway, Ludgate Hill (Near "Times" Offices.) *'Phone: Central 1816.*

Established 1903. Please mention *The Bystander.*

Hotel Terminus, Gare St. Lazare, Paris.

RIDING BREECHES



63/-
to order

STRAPPED BUCKSKIN

Bedford Cords
Corduroy
Cantoon
Moleskins
TWEEDS

Patterns & Easy Self-Measurement Form per return post.

LOUNGE SUITS
From 7 GUINEAS

ESTABLISHED 1844 *TELEPHONE 1689 Museum*

Tailors FREDK. POOLE & CO. *Breeches Makers*
219, Oxford St., London, W.1

DELIGHTFUL
WORLD TOUR
Leaving 3rd November.

Visiting Ceylon, Australia, New Zealand, Java, China, Japan, and Canada, etc.

Ladies and Gentlemen desirous of joining the party should apply to—
Mr. EDWARD GRAY, F.R.G.S.,
Australia House, Strand, London, W.C.2.

EVANS'
Pastilles

Remove throat irritation and cure tickling cough

1/3 per tin. *All Chemists*

Miss Annette Benson in her "L.B." Felt. *Photo by Arbuthnot.*

Model 724.

Made in various fittings, in a good range of "habit" colours.

Soft Felt Riding Hat, extra stout weight, silk lined throughout - - - **42/-**

Write for Illus. Catalogue.

Lincoln Bennett

Agents throughout the Kingdom. Selection on approval from:
LINCOLN BENNETT & CO., LTD., 40, PICCADILLY, LONDON

Pure New Wool and Weatherproof.

THE AQUASCUTUM COAT

PURE New Wool, weatherproof and self-ventilating. Made in many styles. Colours include fawns, browns, greens, lovats, greys, etc.

"LINGFIELD" as illustrated
7 & 8 Gns.
Other models from
6 Gns.

Coats sent on approval against remittance or London trade reference.

Mention of "Bystander" will bring catalogue and patterns by return. Agents in principal towns.

Aquascutum REGISTERED LTD

By appointment to H.M. The King and to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.

100 REGENT STREET LONDON W

FORTIFICATION
SCOTCH WHISKY
The best that ever crossed the border

Never before have you been offered this fine old blend of Scotch Whisky — known and appreciated in the land of its origin for over 100 years, coming South now for the first time. "Fortification" is a fine old Scotch—the sort of Whisky you will be proud to offer to your guests —and every bottle is our best traveller—every drop the same high standard of distilled perfection

You can only buy "Fortification" where the very best is appreciated —it's the recognised aristocrat of Scotch, as proud of its lineage as a Highland Chief — as pure and invigorating as its native air.

If your wine merchant does not stock "Fortification" let us forward a case of 6 or 12 bottles direct to your door. Send a cheque for £3 15s. or £7 10s. and we will fulfil your order by return. At same time give us your wine merchant's name and we will see that he can supply your next order—for there *will* be a next. Send to-day and know the indescribable charm of *real* Scotch Whisky.

S. SHEPHERD & SONS, LTD.,
52, KING STREET, ABERDEEN.

Sole Agents for London, Home Counties and South of England: Messrs. Van Perlstein & Munro, Dunster House, Mincing Lane, E.C.3.

ELIZABETH, Ltd.
45, South Molton Street, New Bond Street, W. 1.

Telephone: Mayfair 3238.

SPECIAL SHOW OF CLOTHES FOR SCOTLAND

Coat in Plain or Corduroy Velveteen, lined silk,
7½ Gns.

Tweed Skirts from
4 Gns.

Hats in Suede, Velveteen or Tweed,
45/6

Goods sent on approval on receipt of trade reference.

Here is the Best Brown Bread

TENS OF THOUSANDS eat "Bermaline" primarily because of its flavour, for it is a delightful bread to eat. Others, again, prefer it because of the ease with which it is digested and converted into energy and vitality. But the most important feature of all is the benefit everyone—young and old, delicate and healthy—will derive from eating this highly-nourishing bread.

The choicest wheat and malted barley—nature's greatest life-sustaining gifts—prepared by the "Bermaline" process, give to "Bermaline" a food value much greater than that of ordinary bread. The "Bermaline" process not only increases the nutritive value of the bread, but makes it easier to digest.

Indeed, than "Bermaline" there is no finer bread baked. It is a complete, highly-nourishing food, with the added virtue of being perfectly delicious.

Just try it for a change.

The Proprietors of "Bermaline"—MONTGOMERIE & CO. LTD., IBROX, GLASGOW, supply the special ingredients for making "Bermaline" Bread to Bakers who are agents throughout the United Kingdom. Ask for the maker's name and address in your district. M2.

"Bermaline" Bread

"A treat to eat."

Solve your Gift problems by giving

DORCAS CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS

Made from the renowned Dorcas Cambric, in four sizes, for ladies and men. If you find any difficulty in obtaining DORCAS HANDKERCHIEFS .. write for a Draper's address.

J. & N. PHILIPS & Co., Ltd., Advert. Dept., MANCHESTER

Beautiful Irish Linen

when purchased from Robinson & Cleaver is the finest obtainable. As actual manufacturers they offer their goods direct at lowest possible prices.

No. B.268. Pure Irish Linen Grass Bleached Hemstitched Diaper Towels with Damask Borders, 27 x 45 inches .. .. .. per dozen 114/-

No. B.268. Pure Irish Linen Grass Bleached Hemstitched Hucka back Towels with Damask Borders 25 x 42 inches per dozen .. 69/- and 79/-

Write to-day for illustrated Linen List No. 44T. sent post free.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD

LINEN MANUFACTURERS, BELFAST, IRELAND.

Dry Clean by Post

NETTOYAGE À SEC

Try our postal system of Dry Cleaning. You save money—you save time—and you are satisfied. Our process is justly famous, and the prices are:

BLOUSES, 2/-; DRESSES, 6/-
COSTUMES, 6/6; GENTS' SUITS, 6/6

Parcels returned very quickly.
Postage Paid one way.

BRAND & MOLLISON Ltd
CITY OF GLASGOW DYEWORKS
MARYHILL GLASGOW

Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

The Distinction of Old Clothes

SOUNDS funny! But it is unquestionably true of some of our seaside resorts that old clothes, and especially weather-beaten tweeds, stand out distinctively—of course, on certain distinguished wearers—amidst the suffocatingly smart attire of the large majority. It was not ever thus, but times have changed.

I will be kind and refrain from mentioning the particular spot that called forth this reflection, but it is within easy reach of Town and much frequented by Mr. Plutocrat, his large wife, and progeny. And they were one and all dressed to kill, a process their attire necessitated should take place on the lawns. There was *marocain* in its every guise, black and coloured, large hats literally forested with ostrich plumes or paradise, shoes of the latest many-strapped character, costly cobweb silk stockings, and, as the weather was almost that of mid-winter, a plethora of magnificent furs served to complete a story that spoke of unlimited wealth.

And, oh! almost I forgot to mention the jewellery, ropes of pearls, diamond bar brooches inches long, and diamond earrings the size of small eggs. After a surfeit of these gorgeous apparitions it was a real relief to see a tall, distinguished-looking middle-aged woman step out of a small saloon car she was driving, accompanied by a young girl, the latter wearing a plain white tennis frock with a warm coat of some rough, pale yellow wool material, its hem, cuffs, and high amusing collar of white brushed wool, a jolly white and yellow spot ribbon tied above a bonny brown face. She had obviously come straight from a game.

The elder woman looked the epitome of ease and comfort in rather an old, but beautifully cut, classical suit of fawn and brown herring-bone tweed, a woolly scarf twisted round her throat, and a stitched tweed hat. For some reason they made straight for the beach, their low heel shoes negotiating the pebbles there without a twist or a twinge. They were clearly not out with any desire to kill, nevertheless every eye followed them, one particularly over-dressed man in a pair of dreadful "plus fours," built of a bright blue frieze largely checked over in black, going the length of standing up to watch the progress of the wholly unconcerned couple, anon returning to his deck-chair to sink into the same apathy from which he had momentarily been aroused. In his eye, though, one saw visions of expensive cocktails and a dinner of many courses. This is but a thumb-nail sketch, but it speaks volumes as to who has the money and how it is spent. Clothes are verily the outward and visible sign of the mind and intelligence.

A CREPE DE CHINE WRAP

Rubberised crepe de Chine is used in the composition of this featherweight mackintosh, the colour being of pale tomato. The collar is adjustable, and can be worn closed, as pictured, or thrown open

Sketched at Debenham and Freebody's

Modes in Mackintoshes

ALTHOUGH we have progressed quite enormously of late in the matter of wet weather garments, these being now rendered not only more practical in every way, but far more attractive, than they ever were, no one in their wildest dreams suspected that such a delicate fabric as crêpe de Chine would be annexed for the purpose; but that it is so a visit to the mantle department at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W., will at once disclose. It is, as goes without saying, rubberised crêpe de Chine, and literally feather-weight, the wraps perfectly cut and tailored and offered in several stylish shapes, belted low, as is now the vogue.

The colourings, too, are quite exquisite, and include a pale tomato, in which the pictured example is expressed. The collar is adjustable, and can be worn, as shown, drawn cosily up round the throat or thrown open, precisely the same model being obtainable in a lovely tone of golden brown and also cream. In nigger-brown there is a model arranged with Raglan sleeves and slit up at the sides. This has revers and a step collar and adjustable cuffs, and is, in its way, equally *chic* in appearance. The crêpe de Chine surface has a peculiarly original and pleasing look, and the most fastidious *vraie élégante* would cheerfully sally forth in one of these smart rainproof wraps, secure in the assurance that should the sun suddenly take upon itself to shine through the clouds she would still be in the picture; or, slipped out of, they are a mere nothing to carry over the arm.

Truly, resource is the mother of invention, and we may take it the big demand for rubberised materials has brought forth the diversity of

FASHION'S FANCIES (continued)

crêpe de Chine. And one bows before the enterprise of Debenham and Freebody in being the first with so sensational a novelty.

"La Naturelle"

PROCEEDING on the even keel of assured perfection, the demand for these wonderful transformations and *toupées* naturally grows apace. Special seasons, such as the one now being enjoyed up in Scotland, far removed from hairdressing and shopping amenities, generally brings the invaluable assistance afforded by "La Naturelle" even more than ever to the fore. Always ready, always immaculate, it adjusts itself with the minimum of effort, and can be dressed to any style without revealing evidence of its separate existence. There is no detecting the featherweight foundation through which the scalp shows if the dressing exacts a parting, while the hair employed is of the very best quality and accurately matched in texture and colour to that on the head.

Genius has been described as a talent for taking pains, wherefore M. Georges must be accepted as a genius of rare calibre, since every piece and specimen of his *postiche* work is the result of close individual attention at his establishment, 40, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.

Shops Show Autumn Goods

THEY are getting quite busy with hats and materials in the shops for the autumn season. The popularity of the large black felt has already been mentioned, and I am not quite sure at the rate they are selling whether I shall not shy at saying much more about them. The *vox populi* so quickly kills the nicest *mode*.

"LA NATURELLE"

An attractive and becoming transformation emanating from Maison Georges, 40, Buckingham Palace Road. M. Georges is a veritable genius in the art of perfect postiche work, impervious to detection

Similarly with the *chapeaux* of Zenana *cloqué*, whose mushroom-like growth exacts caution, although rather a gem of a thing was seen of pale fawn-coloured *cloqué* shaped on the lines of a French sailor, while perched on the extreme edge of the upturned brim at one side came two long quills, pointing fore and aft. Exceedingly smart, but at the same time an extraordinarily dangerous form of ornament.

Some clever results are being achieved with felt cloth, many in the guise of the small, neat, close-fitting hat. One of these, in a tawny shade of brown, boasted a deep swathed brim of velvet in tone, that crept higher at one side, to finish on two sharp-pointed ends, a large black hatters' plush being most originally treated with a sash-wide *moiré* ribbon that was strained right across the front and one side of both crown and brim, a perfectly flat bow being slapped down on the other side. *Moiré* and *cloqué* are the two qualities of ribbon chiefly used on hats at the moment.

What About Turbans?

ECHO repeats the query, and leaves it in mid-air. There is no doubt a big bid is being made for

(*Continued on page x*)

RICH CHIFFON VELVET
TEAFROCKS

This charming Teagown is made from rich quality silk chiffon velvet. It is graceful and becoming and adapted from one of the newest and most exclusive French models. An ideal garment for country house wear.

USEFUL SLIP-ON TEAGOWN (as sketch) in rich quality chiffon velvet, cut on long and becoming lines, with panels either side of crepe de Chine the same tone picot edged, new hanging sleeves, finished at waist with belt of crepe de Chine. In Black, Flame, Orange, Dark Jade, Grey, Mole, Mauve and other fashionable colours.

£5 19 6

In outsizes, 6½ Gns.

FURS AT SUMMER PRICES.
Until the end of September all Furs will be marked at special summer prices. Fur renovations and remodelling should be put in hand at once. The new winter models are now in stock and can be copied.

Debenham & Freebody
(LIMITED)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London W.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

NEW HATS FOR HOLIDAY WEAR.

This Hat will be found in our Model Salon on the First Floor.

Country Hat *in light weight French felt, trimmed shaded quills to tone. In Gold, Sand, Grey, and deep Pink. Price* **69/6**

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.

LECTRICITY

APPLIED TO

LIGHT & POWER

BY THE

D&G -SYSTEM-

Send for a copy of our Treatise and Booklet giving copies of recent letters received from over 100 users.

This system is the outcome of accumulated experience since 1886.

WRITE "ENGINEERS DEPT."

DRAKE & GORHAM, LTD.

36, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1
68, Gordon Street Glasgow.
29, Piccadilly, Manchester.
63, Victoria Street, Belfast.

Sweet and Dainty

NO perfume is so charming and refreshing as "4711." Inhaled, it instantly relieves fatigue and enhances the appearance.

A FEW DROPS of "4711" in the *washing basin* daily cleanse the pores of the skin and improve the complexion.

Ask for "4711"
(but see that it does)

IT is the *Original* and *Guaranteed Pure*—*Full Strength*—with the *Lasting Fragrance.*

No. 4711. Eau de Cologne

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Not Self-Praise

but spontaneous appreciation selected from hundreds of letters delighted clients have written recently expressing their unbounded satisfaction at possessing

Ciro Pearls

The outstanding reputation of these perfect reproductions of Oriental pearls — quite undistinguishable from the genuine gem—has been built up, not on our own unsupported statements, but by the testimony and recommendation of those who wear them.

BETTER THAN THE REAL

"The Ciro Pearls are lovely. I have never been without a set of pearls since I can remember, but I like yours better than any I ever had before."

EVERY CLAIM JUSTIFIED

"I am delighted with the Ciro Pearls, and so is everyone who has seen them. I do not think there is anything over-stated in your advertisements."

WHICH WAS WHICH?

"You may be interested to hear that a friend of mine mixed her £300 necklace of pearls with my Ciro Pearls, and neither of us could see the difference except that hers has a diamond clasp."

AFTER TWO YEARS

"It is now two years since I purchased my Ciro Pearls, but the colour and sheen never fail to draw favourable comment. The necklace stands out in a sphere of its own."

NONE THEIR EQUAL

"I may say that these earrings could not have excited more admiration had they been genuine, and I have not seen a pearl, either imitation or genuine, to equal the Ciro Pearls in these earrings."

If after reading these you are still sceptical, a visit to our showrooms will convince you. If this is not possible, then avail yourself of

OUR UNIQUE OFFER

On receipt of One Guinea, we will send you a necklet of Ciro Pearls, 16 inches long, with clasp and case complete, or a ring, brooch, ear-rings, or any other Ciro Pearl jewel, in hand-made gold settings. If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within fifteen days, and we will refund your money. Ciro Pearl necklets may also be obtained in any length required. We have a large staff of expert pearl stringers.

Latest descriptive booklet, No. 7, sent post free on application.

Ciro Pearls Ltd.
39 Old Bond Street London W.1 Dept 7.

Our Showrooms are on the First Floor, over Lloyd's Bank, near Piccadilly

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

their acceptance. At Deauville and the like ultra-dressy resorts *mannequins* and others are exploiting the turban, a correctly swathed rajah affair, at race meetings, etc.; while we have the authority of perhaps our greatest man milliner that turban head-dresses will really materialise for evening wear. Befeathered, decorated with an elaborated tar brush, slung with chains of pearls and strass, several long loops whereof fall under the chin. These are offered in such profusion and variety as to bring the conviction there is something serious at the back of the movement.

The stage, as always, will doubtless give us a lead over this somewhat stiff hurdle, although a lavishly decked-out head under the glamour of foot and spot lights is a very different story to one viewed at close hand, and without, too, the generous aid of stage make-up.

Materials with New Names

One fact there is that admits of no shadow of doubt, that the quality and kind of material is likely to prove a more important asset than has been the case for some long while, and on these embroideries and trimmings will be employed with far greater discretion. The feeling for heavier, rougher-surfaced fabrics is too marked to be mistaken, these including perlaine, duvetyn—more velvety to the touch than ever—together with coarse ribbed serges and velours.

Then there are several materials clearly designed for trimming purposes, to take the place of cheap, shoddy furs. These are of brushed wool, a closely curled variety resembling Persian lamb and Chinese slink, quilted cashmere, and a much improved kind of plush, the latter often dyed, like slink, to tone with the gown or suit it adorns.

IN A CYDER CELLAR

The juice of 20,000 bushels of Whimple apples maturing in the vast cellars of the Whiteway Cyder Company, in Devon

Open-Air Bathing

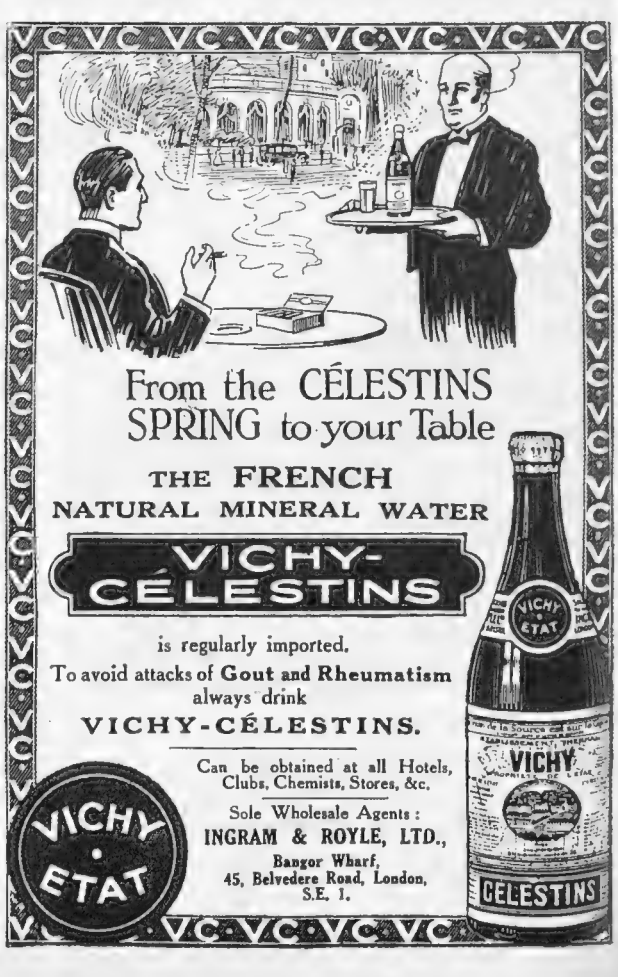
A striking holiday article, which gives a highly interesting description of bathing in many parts of the world, and, in addition, provides the inexperienced with very valuable advice, is contributed by Sir Frederick Treves, G.C.V.O., to the August "Cassell's Magazine," now on sale. Sir Frederick says that to obtain the most pleasure and the most benefit from bathing the water should be cool, or even cold. Bathing then acts as a stimulant and as a fine tonic. It braces up the whole body, making it tingle with life to the finger-tips, and leading, by reaction, to a glow like a flux of summer after the cold of spring. The swim in such water must needs be short if the best effects are to be obtained.

"The Line to Legend Land"

Emboldened by the success of their first series of leaflets descriptive of many historic towns on the line of the Great Western Railway, the company have issued a second series, which also deal in an interesting and readable way with these many places that have become renowned in the pages of our history.

A Rest Cure

The South Eastern and Chatham Railway have compiled an interesting folder giving the fares and general information of a delighttul trip through Holland and the Rhine Valley, touching at all the principal towns on the picturesque river and costing but £14 10s. for the full eight-day trip.

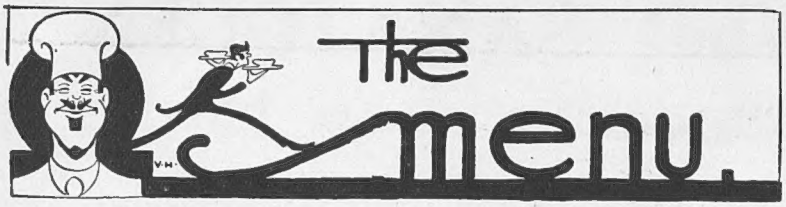


The Drink of the "Century"

Barclay's London Lager

After a couple of hours' fierce hitting on a dry pitch in the full blaze of the sun. By jove! a long cool drink of Barclay's Lager tastes *good!*

Brewed by BARCLAY, PERKINS & CO., LTD., SOUTHWARK, S E.1



THE GROUSE SEASON

ROAST GROUSE
SALMI OF GROUSE
GROUSE PIE
HOW TO MAKE AN OLD GROUSE TENDER AND PALATABLE
QUAIL OR SNIPE PUDDING

Roast Grouse

HANDLE the birds very lightly in plucking, draw them, and wipe the insides with clean, damp cloths, mix ½ oz. of fresh butter with a saltspoonful of black pepper, a little salt, and a few drops of lemon-juice, place this inside each bird, and a piece of fat bacon on the breast. Cook about half an hour, keeping them well basted. Good gravy and bread-sauce should be served with the grouse, and fried breadcrumbs round them.

Salmi of Grouse

Roast one or more grouse for about ten minutes, then cut into joints. Pound the liver smoothly, cut 2 oz. of cooked ham into dice, chop one small onion, and tie up a bunch of herbs. Melt 1 oz. of butter in a stewpan, put in the onion, three cloves, some pepper, the chopped ham, and the herbs; fry these a pale brown. When nearly dark enough add 1 oz. of flour and brown as well. Pour in three-quarters of a pint of stock, and stir till it boils. Put in the grouse, liver, a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, two teaspoonfuls of red-currant jelly, a glass of claret, and ½ oz. of glaze. Cover the pan and simmer about forty minutes. Arrange neatly on a hot dish, strain the sauce over, and garnish with croûtons of fried bread.

Grouse Pie

Line the bottom of a pie-dish with 1 lb. of rump steak, cut into neat pieces. Cut two grouse into joints, season with salt, cayenne, and black pepper, pour in some stock, and cover with puff-paste; brush the crust over with yolk of egg, and bake one hour. The backbones and trimmings from the grouse will make the gravy by stewing them with an onion, a little mace, a bunch of herbs, and a wineglassful of sherry or claret. This should be poured in after the pie is baked.

How to Make an Old Grouse Tender

After the usual preparations for cooking, cut off the legs at the knees and the wings at the pinions. Rub the bird inside and out with about a ¼ lb. of butter. Add a pinch of cayenne pepper and salt. Place the bird in a casserole with plenty of good gravy, put a cover on the casserole, and cook in a slow oven for nearly three hours. A little water must be added to the gravy now and then. Then add sufficient gelatine to make the gravy set. When quite cold turn the contents into an ordinary dish, when it will come out firm as a mould and be a delicious dish of cold game.

Quail or Snipe Pudding

Truss the birds for braising, and leave in a marinade for a few hours. Make a good suet paste. Line a basin with it, then place the birds, one for each person, in slices of steak, cut as thin as possible, which, when cooked, dissolves into the sauce. Put in some finely chopped mushrooms, parsley, shallot, and good stock. Cover with paste and boil for an hour.

EMILIA

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS
"CARBRO"
A Process by which Carbon prints in a wide range of colours, including BLUES, GREENS, BROWNS, REDS, etc., can be made direct from Bromide prints and enlargements.
Developed with warm water—No darkroom needed.
"THE CARBRO PROCESS"—Post Free 7d.
Call or write for Full details,
Dept. B, AUTOTYPE COMPANY, (First Floor), 74, New Oxford Street, London.
32 Prize Medals and Awards.

TRIUMPH

CONSISTENT manufacturing precision expressed in craftsmanship of a very high order has for well-nigh 40 years made TRIUMPH CYCLES second to none.

By reason of their rigid construction and the unfailing service they provide it can be truly said that the initial outlay is the only expense connected with these famous machines.

They enable you to take full advantage of healthy recreations, and the delightful pleasures of the open road.

Illustrated Art Catalogue sent post free on request.

Triumph Cycle Co., Ltd.
Coventry.
London: 218, Gt. Portland Street, W.1, and at Leeds, Manchester and Glasgow.
Agents Everywhere.

The only Successful Method of Removing all Traces of Age

BY a wonderful scientific method known as the Hystogène Treatment, facial blemishes are corrected in one to three short visits. The face after treatment looks years younger. Puffs, rings, wrinkles and flabbiness around the eyes are removed mouth lines disappear, sagging face is lifted, and the contour of youth restored. These remarkable results are accomplished without the use of massage, lotions, creams, pomades, steaming or paraffin injection. The Hystogène method has superseded all old, time-worn remedies. It is the only system which absolutely removes every ugly blemish from the face, either resulting from age or any other cause.

Smooth up the loose skin as shown in this illustration; you will then see what a wonderful difference even this slight alteration makes in your appearance—yet it is but an indication of what is accomplished every day.

The following imperfections can be corrected permanently; the process is both painless and harmless

Sagging Cheeks or Face, Imperfect Facial Contour, Loose and Baggy Skin under the Eyes, Flabby and Wrinkled Eyelids, Overhanging, Fallen and Bulging Eyebrows, Crows Feet Wrinkles, Ugly Frown Lines, Lines from Nose to Mouth, Drooping Mouth Corners, Imperfect Nose, Outstanding Ears, Receding Chin, Unrefined Complexion.

Call or write for Booklet, "FACIAL PERFECTION," sent sealed on receipt of 6d.

"HYSTOGÈNE," the Facial Specialist, 40, Baker Street, Portman Square, London, W.1.
Telephone: Mayfair 5846.
Established 1910. Hours from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Tel: 52 Broxbourne

LT.-COL. RICHARDSON'S AIREDALES
SPECIALLY TRAINED AGAINST BURGLARS for LADIES' GUARDS
From **10 Gns. PUPS 5 Gns.**
Wormley Hill, Broxbourne, Herts
30 mins. from Liverpool Street

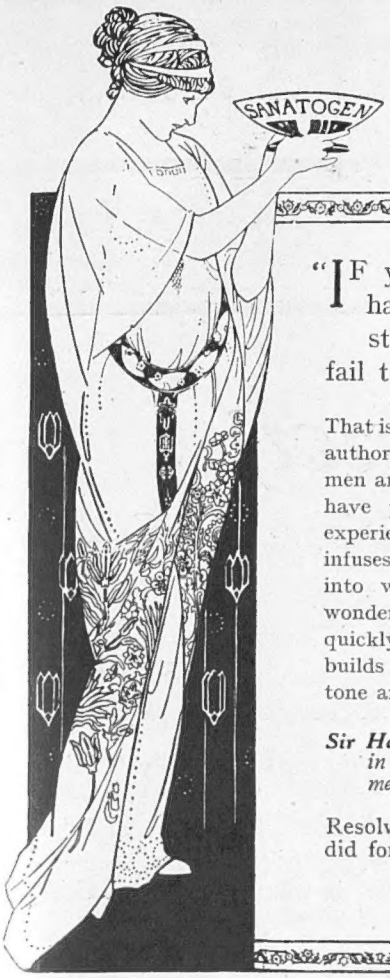
Model No. B.150. Size 8 ft. x 6 ft. Delivered in Sections.

B. & P. REVOLVING SHELTERS
Have one in Your Garden

THESE trim weather-proof shelters are designed to afford fresh air, but with perfect protection from strong winds. They are equally suitable for summer-houses or for the use of patients who need open-air treatment.

Write for Catalogue No. A.75 to-day.

Boulton & Paul Ltd.
HEAD OFFICE AND WORKS, NORWICH



What SANATOGEN will do for your Health

"IF you take Sanatogen regularly three times a day, you will have gained in a few weeks a fund of added health, nerve-strength, and a general sense of well-being, which you cannot fail to *feel* and appreciate."

That is what many thousands of doctors, authors, clergymen, teachers — in fact men and women in every walk of life—have proved by their own personal experience. They *know* how Sanatogen infuses new strength and endurance into weak and nervous people, how wonderfully it improves digestion, how quickly its concentrated nourishment builds up the body-cells and gives new tone and strength to the entire system.

The overworked business man, mothers (especially nursing mothers), men and women who have made too heavy drafts upon their vitality, will find in Sanatogen a splendid source of renewed health and strength. And remember, Sanatogen is a *natural*, healthful food and tonic—purest protein and organic phosphorus—free from anything unnatural or harmful, so that little children can take it with nothing but benefit.

***Sir Hall Caine* writes:—"** *I have lately had further proof of the efficacy of Sanatogen in building up and restoring the nervous system under conditions of severe mental and emotional strain.*"

Resolve *now* to begin a course of Sanatogen, it will be the best thing you ever did for your health. All chemists sell Sanatogen from **2/3** to **10/9** per tin.

Made by GENATOSAN, Ltd., Loughborough, Leicestershire.

LIFELIKE TRANSFORMATIONS
ANY STYLE TO ORDER

Which add charm and distinction to the appearance. Price according to quantity of Hair, **£4 17 6, £3 12 9,** and **£2 10 9.** With Natural Skin Parting, from **£6 6 0.** Beautiful Wavy Toupets with Natural Skin Parting, from **£2 10 9,** according to depth of Parting.

Switches of Pure Human Hair. Any length to order.

16 inches	5/9	22 inches	15/9
18 ,, ...	8/9	24 ,, ...	22/9
20 ,, ...	11/9	26 ,, ...	26/9
28 inches,	37/9		

UNIVERSAL HAIR CO.

Grey or Light Shades extra.

For Goods on Approval see our Descriptive Catalogue post free.

A pattern of hair and remittance must accompany each order.

THE UNIVERSAL HAIR CO.

Established 1895,

1, Berners Street, Oxford Street, W.1

(Opposite Bourne & Hollingsworth's)

Address Manageress—

80-84, Foxberry Road, Brockley, London, S.E.4

Engine troubles and tyre troubles usually occur miles away from a "wash and brush up" place. Carry OLOF CREAM with you and you are independent of soap and water.

Just enough Olof to cover the thumbnail, rubbed well into the hands, will extract all grease and dirt from the skin. Wipe off with a rag, and your hands will be clean, soft and supple.

Olof acts as a balm to cuts and abrasions. It contains no grit, requires no water or soap, and is as beneficial to the skin as any specially prepared cream.

Olof Cream is supplied in 9d., 1/-, and 1/6 tins by Garages, Hardware Stores, Chemists, Cycle Shops, etc.

COUPON

Sample tin can be obtained by cutting out this coupon, attaching to same your name and address with 2d. in stamps to John Knight, Ltd., Royal Primrose Soap Works, Silvertown, E.—*Bystander.*

Your Teeth are Ivory Castles—
defend them with Gibbs Dentifrice

Fancy eating with Ivory Castles!

Odd whimsey, isn't it? But how it does appeal to the kiddies! Just listen to them all talking at once over the Ivory Castle Fairy Book.

"The things you eat with are really Ivory Castles. The book says so." . . . . "If you don't keep them as clean as anything, Giant Decay and his Caries Imps will make big holes in the walls." . . . "Yes, but they can't get in when the Gibbs Fairies are defending the castle."

The plastic, inquiring minds eagerly absorb the vital knowledge so skilfully woven into the ten delightfully told tales in the book. Once they have read it, they *want* to keep their teeth clean. Send the coupon below for a copy for your youngsters.

Children *love* Gibbs for its pleasant taste and aroma. But it has greater value to them than that. It keeps the teeth sound and white and the gums firm and healthy, and is endorsed by thousands of British dentists as an eminently safe, efficient dentifrice for all ages.

Gibbs COMPLETE TOILET SERIES

	s.	d.
GIBBS Dentifrice - - - 7½d., 1/- &	1	6
GIBBS Dental Cream - - 7½d., &	1	0
GIBBS Liquid Dentifrice - - - -	3	0
GIBBS Denture Tablet - - - -	1	0
GIBBS Special Toothbrush for Children -	1	6
GIBBS Cold Cream Soap - - -	0	7
GIBBS Cold Cream Shaving Soap, 9d., 1/-, 1/3	1	6
GIBBS Cold Cream - - - - -	1	6
GIBBS Wind-Sifted Talcum Powder - -	1	0
GIBBS Cold Cream Foam (Vanishing Cream)	1	0
GIBBS Complexion Cream - - -	1	0
GIBBS Crystallized Brilliantine - - -	1	3
GIBBS Liquid Shampoo - - - -	2	0
GIBBS Shampoo Powders - - - -	1	6
GIBBS Ambrosial Shaving Cream - -	1	3
GIBBS "Kura" Soap - - - -	0	9

D. & W. GIBBS, LTD.,
(Dept. E. 51), Cold Cream Soap Works, London, E.1

Free *Ivory Castle Fairy Book and Sample of Gibbs Dentifrice.*

The fascinating Gibbs Ivory Castle Fairy Book is leading thousands of children to *want* to clean their teeth. Your copy, with a fortnight's trial of Gibbs Dentifrice, will be sent you *free*. Just send this coupon and a 2d. stamp for postage.

Cut out and Post this Coupon To-day!
to D. & W. GIBBS, Ltd. (Dept. E. 51), Cold Cream Soap Works, London, E.1
(enclose 2d. stamp for return postage).

Name.....

Address.....

Printed for the Proprietors, GRAPHIC PUBLICATIONS, LIMITED, by Messrs. W. H. SMITH & SON, The Arden Press, Stamford Street, London, S.E.8, and published weekly by GRAPHIC PUBLICATIONS, LIMITED, at Graphic Buildings, Whitefriars, London, E.C. 4.—August 23, 1922.
Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office.